Serfojie Rajah · 1829

THE DISOWNED.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM."

"*Corb.*— I disclaim in him!
Avoc. 1*st.*—*But for what cause?*"
Volpone, Act 4, Scene 5.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

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1829.

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THE DISOWNED.

CHAPTER I.

"Think upon my grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match."
SHAKSPEARE.

"BUT are you quite sure," said General St. Leger, a tall, disagreeable looking man, with a face like the bed on which "great Villiers died," viz.

"Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red;"

—"are you quite sure that it is the case?"

"Sure!" cried Miss Diana St. Leger, a lady of about fifty-five, with a pale, shrivelled face, savage black eyes, and a magnificent ruby crescent set in a purple head-gear, which forcibly resembled her unto Shakspeare's description of Adversity, for she,

> "Like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> *Wore* yet a precious jewel in her head;"

—"sure, General! I saw it with my own eyes. They were standing together in the copse, at half-past nine o'clock at night, when I, who had long had my suspicions, crept up, and saw and overheard them; and *the* fellow—(oh, Algernon Mordaunt, that ever thou shouldst be called *fellow!)*—held her hand and kissed it every moment. Nobody ever kissed my hand, General St. Leger, at half-past nine at night."

"I should think not," quoth General St. Leger.

" And by and by she said something to him about us, but the girl spoke so low that I did not hear; but he answered, in a voice loud enough for even you to have heard, deaf as you are, General."—(" I am not deaf, damn you!" growled the general, *par parenthese.)*—" He said, 'let them go back to their slaves; I cannot bear that you should any longer be the victim of their *brutality.*' Do you hear *that*, General? And then he called *me—me*, Miss Diana St. Leger, an old hag!"

" Ha, ha, ha! that was too bad," cried the general, sinking back into his chair.

" And *you*, a tyrannical plebeian."

" Damn the rascal!" shouted General St. Leger, springing up in spite of his gout; " we must put a stop to this; we must trounce the jade, my love!"

" Yes, my dear brother, we must. To call you a tyrannical plebeian!"—

"And you an old hag, my dear! Shall we lock her up, or starve her?"

"No, General; something better than that."

"What, my love? flog her!"

"She's too old for that, brother; we'll marry her!"

"Marry her!"

"Yes, to Mr. Glumford; you know that he has asked her several times."

"But she cannot bear him."

"We'll make her bear him, General St. Leger."

"But if she marries, I shall have nobody to assist me when I have the gout, and to swear at when I have not."

"Yes, brother: I know of a nice little girl, Martha Richardson, your second cousin's youngest daughter; you know he has fourteen children, and you may have them all, one after another, if you like."

"Very true, Diana—let the jade marry Mr. Glumford."

"She shall," said the sister; "and I'll go about it this very moment: meantime I'll take care that she does not see her lover any more."

About three weeks after this conversation, Mordaunt, who had in vain endeavoured to see Isabel, who had not even heard from her, whose letters had been returned to him unopened, and who, consequently, was in despair, received the following note:

"This is the first time I have been able to write to you, at least to get my letter conveyed: it is a strange messenger that I have employed, but I happened formerly to make his acquaintance, and accidentally seeing him to-day, the extremity of the case induced me to give him a commission which I could trust to no one else. Algernon, are not the above sentences written

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWA

with admirable calmness? are they not very explanatory, very consistent, very cool? and yet do you know that I firmly believe I am going mad. My brain turns round and round, and my hand burns so, that I almost think that, like our old nurse's stories of the fiend, it will scorch the paper as I write. And I see strange faces in my sleep and in my waking, all mocking at me, and they torture and haunt me; and when I look at their faces I see no human relenting, no! though I weep and throw myself on my knees, and implore them to save me. Algernon, my only hope is in you. You know that I have always hitherto refused to ruin you; and even now, though I implore you to deliver me, I will not be so selfish as—as—I know not what I write; but I will not be your wife, Algernon, that is too noble, too high a lot for me; I will be your servant, your slave, any thing—any thing, but not *his*—oh, God—not *his* wife! No! if they

drag me to church, it shall be to my grave, not my bridals.

"ISABEL ST. LEGER."

When Mordaunt had read this letter, which, in spite of its incoherence, his fears readily explained, he rose hastily, his eye rested upon a sober-looking man, clad in brown. The proud love no spectators to their emotions.

"Who are you, Sir?" said Algernon, quickly.

"Morris Brown," replied the stranger, coolly and civilly. "Brought that letter to you, Sir; shall be very happy to serve you with any thing else; just fitted out a young gentleman as ambassador, a nephew to Mrs. Minden—very old friend of mine. Beautiful slabs you have here, Sir, but they want a few nick-nacks; shall be most happy to supply you; got a lovely little ape, Sir, stuffed by the late Lady Waddilove; it would look charming with this old-

fashioned carving: give the room quite the air of a museum."

"And so," said Mordaunt, for whose ear the eloquence of Mr. Brown contained only one sentence, "and so you brought this note, and will take back my answer?"

"Yes, Sir; any thing to keep up family connections—I knew a Lady Morden very well—very well indeed, Sir—a relation of yours, I presume, by the similarity of the name; made her many valuable presents; shall be most happy to do the same to you, when you are married, Sir. You will refurnish the house, I suppose? Let me see—fine proportions to this room, Sir—about thirty-six feet, by twenty-eight; I'll do the thing twenty per cent. cheaper than the trade; and touching the lovely little—"

"Here," interrupted Mordaunt, "you will take back this note, and be sure that Miss

Isabel St. Leger has it as soon as possible; and here, my friend, oblige me by accepting this trifle—a trifle indeed compared with my gratitude, if this note reaches its destination safely."

"I am sure," said Mr. Brown, looking with surprise at the gift, which he held with no unwilling hand, "I am sure, Sir, that you are very generous, and strongly remind me of your relation, Lady Morden; and if you would like the lovely little ape as a present—I mean *really* a present—you shall have it, Mr. Mordaunt."

But Mr. Mordaunt had left the room, and the sober Morris looking round, and cooling in his generosity, said to himself, "It is well he did not hear me, however; but I hope he will marry the nice young lady, for I love doing a kindness. This house must be re-furnished—no lady will like these old-fashioned chairs."

CHAPTER II.

> "Squire and fool are the same thing here."
>
> FARQUHAR.
>
> "In such a night
> Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
> And with an unthrift love did run from Venice."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

THE persecutions which Isabel had undergone, had indeed preyed upon her reason as well as her health; and in her brief intervals of respite from the rage of the uncle, the insults of the aunt, and worse than all, the addresses of the intended bridegroom, her mind, shocked and unhinged, reverted with such intensity to the sufferings she endured, as to give her

musings the character of insanity. It was in one of these moments that she had written to Mordaunt; and we verily believe, that had the contest continued much longer, the reason of the unfortunate and persecuted girl would have totally deserted her.

She was a person of acute, and even poignant sensibilities, and these the imperfect nature of her education had but little served to guide or to correct; but as her habits were pure and good, the impulses which spring from habit, were also sinless and exalted, and if they erred, "they leant on virtue's side," and partook rather of a romantic and excessive generosity than of the weakness of *womanhood* or the selfishness of passion. All the misery and debasement of her equivocal and dependant situation had not been able to drive her into compliance with Mordaunt's passionate and urgent prayers; and her heart was proof even to the eloquence of love,

when that eloquence pointed towards the worldly injury and depreciation of her lover: but this new persecution was utterly unforeseen in its nature, and intolerable from its cause. To marry another—to be torn for ever from one in whom her whole heart was wrapped—to be forced not only to forego his love, but to feel that the very thought of him was a crime; all this, backed by the vehement and galling insults of her relations, and the sullen and unmoved meanness of her intended bridegroom, who answered her candour and confession with a sort of stubborn indifference and an unaltered address, made a load of evil, which could neither be borne with resignation, nor contemplated with patience; yet, even amidst all the bitterness of her soul, and the incoherent desperation in which her letter to Mordaunt had been penned, she felt a sort of confused resolution that he should not be the sacrifice.

In extreme youth, and still preserving more than childish innocence, she did not exactly perceive the nature of her trust in Mordaunt; nor the consequences of any other tie with him than the sacred one of marriage; but she had read and heard of women, in their noble and fond devotedness, sacrificing all for love, and she had internally resolved that she would swell their number, rather than cost him a single loss or deprivation. To sacrifice for Algernon Mordaunt—what happiness, what pride in the thought! and that thought reconciled her to the letter she wrote, and the prayer which it contained. Poor girl! little did she conceive that in the eyes of the world, that sacrifice, that self-devotion, would have been the greatest crime she could commit.

She was sitting, after she had sent her letter, with her two relations, for they seldom trusted her out of their sight, when Mr. Glumford was

announced. Now, Mr. George Glumford was a country gentleman, of what might be termed a third rate-family in the county: he possessed about £1200 a year, to say nothing of the odd pounds, shillings, and pence, which, however, did not meet with such contempt in his memory or estimation; was of a race which could date as high as Charles the Second; had been educated at a country school with sixty others, chiefly inferior to himself in rank; and had received the last finish at a very small hall at Oxford. In addition to these advantages, he had been indebted to nature for a person five feet eight inches high, and stout in proportion; for hair very short, very straight, and of a red hue, which even through powder cast out a mellow glow; for an obstinate, dogged sort of nose, beginning in snub, and ending in bottle; for cold, small grey eyes, a very small mouth, pinched up and avaricious, like a carp's, or a waistcoat

button-hole; and very large, very freckled, yet rather white hands, the nails of which were punctiliously cut into a point every other day, (Friday—*dies iræ*—excepted,) with a pair of scissars which Mr. Glumford often boasted had been in his possession since his eighth year; viz. for about thirty-two legitimate revolutions of the sun.

He was one of those persons who are equally close and adventurous; who love the *éclât* of a little speculation, but take exceeding good care that it should be, in their own vulgar phrase, "on the safe side of the hedge." In pursuance of this characteristic of mind, he had resolved to fall in love with Miss Isabel St. Leger; for she being very dependant, he could boast to her of his disinterestedness, and hope that she would be economical through a principle of gratitude; and being the nearest relation to the opulent General St. Leger, and his unmarried sister, there seemed to be every rational probability of

her inheriting the bulk of their fortunes. Upon these hints of prudence spake Mr. George Glumford.

Now, when Isabel, partly in her ingenuous frankness, partly from the passionate promptings of her despair, revealed to him her attachment to another, and her resolution never, with her own consent, to become his, it seemed to the slow, but not uncalculating mind of Mr. Glumford, not by any means desirable that he should forego his present intentions, but that he should make this reluctance of Isabel's, an excuse for sounding the intentions and increasing the posthumous liberality of the East Indian and his sister.

"The girl is of my nearest blood," said the major-general, "and if I don't leave my fortune to her, who the devil should I leave it to, Sir?" and so saying, the speaker, who was in a fell paroxysm of the gout, looked so fiercely at the

hinting wooer, that Mr. George Glumford, who was no Achilles, was somewhat frightened, and thought it expedient to hint no more.

"My brother," said Miss Diana, "is so odd; but he is the most generous of men: besides, the girl has claims upon him."

Upon these speeches Mr. Glumford thought himself secure, and inly resolving to punish the fool for her sulkiness and bad taste, as soon as he lawfully could, he continued his daily visits, and told his sporting acquaintance that his time was coming.

Revenons à nos moutons, forgive this preliminary detail, and let us return to Mr. Glumford himself, whom we left at the door, pulling and fumbling at the glove which covered his right hand in order to present the naked palm to Miss Diana St. Leger. After this act was performed, he approached Isabel, and drawing his chair near to her, proceeded to converse with

her as the Ogre did with Puss in Boots; viz. "as civilly as an Ogre could do."

This penance had not proceeded far, before the door was again opened, and Mr. Morris Brown presented himself to the conclave.

"Your servant, General; your servant, Madam. I took the liberty of coming back again, Madam, because I forgot to shew you some very fine silks, the most extraordinary bargain in the world—quite presents; and I have a *sèvre* bowl here, a superb article, from the cabinet of the late Lady Waddilove."

Now Mr. Brown was a very old acquaintance of Miss Diana St. Leger's, for there is a certain class of old maids with whom our fair readers are no doubt acquainted, who join to a great love of expense, a great love of bargains, and who never purchase at the regular place if they can find any *ir*regular vendor. They are great friends of Jews and itinerants, hand-in-glove

with smugglers, Lady Bountifuls to pedlars, are diligent readers of puffs and advertisements, and eternal haunters of sales and auctions. Of this class was Miss Diana a most prominent individual; judge, then, how acceptable to her was the acquaintance of Mr. Brown. That indefatigable merchant of miscellanies had, indeed, at a time when brokers were perhaps rather more rare and respectable than now, a numerous country acquaintance, and thrice a year he performed a sort of circuit to all his customers and connections: hence his visit to St. Leger House, and hence Isabel's opportunity of conveying her epistle.

"Pray," said Mr. Glumford, who had heard much of Mr. Brown's 'presents' from Miss Diana—"pray, don't you furnish rooms, and *things of that sort?*" (a very favourite phrase of the intellectual speaker.)

"Certainly, Sir, certainly, in the best manner possible."

"Oh! very well, I shall want some rooms furnished soon: a bed-room, and a dressing-room; and things of that sort, you know. And so—perhaps you may have something in your box that will suit me, gloves, or handkerchiefs, or shirts, or things of that sort."

"Yes, Sir, every thing, I sell every thing," said Mr. Brown, opening his box.—"I beg pardon, Miss Isabel, I have dropt my handkerchief by your chair; allow me to stoop," and Mr. Brown, stooping under the table, managed to effect his purpose; unseen by the rest a note was slipped into Isabel's hand, and under pretence of stooping, too, she managed to secure the treasure. Ah! love need well be honest, if even when it is most true, it leads us into so much that is false.

Mr. Brown's box was now unfolded before the eyes of the crafty Mr. Glumford, who, having selected three pair of gloves, offered the exact half of the sum demanded.

Mr. Brown lifted up his hands and eyes.

"You see," said the imperturbable Glumford, "that if you let me have them for that, and they last me well, and don't come unsewn, and stand cleaning, you'll have my custom in furnishing the house, and rooms, and things of that sort."

Struck with the grandeur of this opening, Mr. Brown yielded, and the gloves were bought.

"The fool!" thought the noble George, laughing in his sleeve, "as if I should ever furnish the house from his box."

Strange that some men should be proud of being mean.

The moment Isabel escaped to dress for dinner, she opened her lover's note. It was as follows:

"Be in *the* room, your retreat, at nine this evening. Let the window be left unclosed. Precisely at that hour I will be with you. I shall have every thing in readiness for your flight. Be sure, dearest Isabel, that nothing prevents your meeting me there, even if all your house follow or attend you. I will bear you from all. Oh, Isabel! in spite of the mystery and wretchedness of your letter, I feel too happy, too blest at the thought that our fates will be at length united, and that the union is at hand. Remember nine.

"A. M."

Love is a feeling which has so little to do with the world, a passion so little regulated by the known laws of our more steady and settled emotions, that the thoughts which it produces are always more or less connected with exaggeration and romance. To the secret spirit of enterprise

which, however chilled by his pursuits and habits, still burned within Mordaunt's breast, there was a wild pleasure in the thought of bearing off his mistress and his bride from the very home and hold of her false friends and real foes; while in the contradictions of the same passion, Isabel, so far from exulting at her approaching escape, trembled at her danger, and blushed for her temerity; and the fear and the modesty of woman almost triumphed over her brief energy and fluctuating resolve.

CHAPTER III.

> "We haste—the chosen and the lovely bringing;
> Love still goes with her from her place of birth!
> Deep, silent joy, within her soul is springing,
> Though in her glance the light no more is mirth!"
>
> HEMANS.

"DAMN it!" said the general.

"The vile creature!" cried Miss Diana.

"I don't understand things of that sort," ejaculated the bewildered Mr. Glumford.

"She has certainly gone," said the valiant general.

"Certainly!" grunted Miss Diana.

"Gone!" quoth the bridegroom, "*not* to he?"

And she was gone! Never did more loving and tender heart forsake all, and cling to a

more loyal and generous nature. The blue skies were darkened with clouds,

"And the dim stars rushed through them rare and fast;"

and the winds wailed with a loud and ominous voice; and the moon came forth, with a faint and sickly smile, from her chamber in the mist, and then shrunk back, and was seen no more; but neither omen nor fear was upon Mordaunt's breast, as it swelled beneath the dark locks of Isabel, which were pressed against it.

As Faith clings the more to the cross of life, while the wastes deepen around her steps, and the adders creep forth upon her path, so Love clasps that which is its hope and comfort the closer, for the desert which encompasseth, and the dangers which harass its way.

And now was there a more singular contest between the two than our other annals of this world's affections can furnish.

For Isabel, though she knew not exactly what she meant, insisted upon making the sacrifice she had designed; and Algernon fled from the proposal, in a spirit of high and chivalrous self-denial, rather than self-diffidence, and contented himself with preparing all things for their wedding. They had fled to London, and Isabel had been placed with a very distant, and very poor, though very high-born relative of Algernon, till the necessary preliminaries could be passed, and the final bond knit.

In many novels, and by many novel readers, the honour which actuated Algernon would be thought common enough, and rather an absolute duty than a meritorious principle; but it is not so. Honour—and we say this with grief—is a law men made for men, and women have not been at all consulted in the enactment. There are few, very few, who will sacrifice all things for a woman, when that woman will be theirs

without any sacrifice at all. Indeed, so nice a virtue is *strict* honour towards women, that we will not venture to assert that even Mordaunt would have been utterly upheld by it, among the great temptations to which he was exposed, if it had not been aided by the lofty nature of his love.

We wish to draw a great, not a perfect character; and though not what is called a man of the world, Mordaunt had mixed too much with it, not, in some degree, to be infected with its customs and its reasonings: besides, Algernon was a very proud man, and his indolence rather than his tastes, made him a luxurious and expensive one. Fortune was therefore an advantage which he could not contemplate with disdain, nor resign without reluctance. Added to this, he was intensely ambitious—ambitious of power—that power which resembles man to God—the power of doing extensive and permanent good; so that

it was not from the blindness and heat of passion, nor from an insensibility to the prospects and hopes which his choice obliged him to renounce, that he urged on his suit with Isabel—that, by little and little, he broke down her generous scruples and self-immolating resolves, and ceased not his eloquence and his suit till the day of his nuptials was set and come.

The morning rose bright and clear—the autumn was drawing towards its close, and seemed willing to leave its last remembrance tinged with the warmth and softness of its parent summer, rather than with the stern gloom and severity of its chilling successor.

And they stood beside the altar, and their vows were exchanged. A slight tremor came over Algernon's frame, a slight shade darkened his countenance; for even in that bridal hour, an icy and thrilling foreboding curdled to his heart; it passed—the ceremony was over, and Mor-

daunt bore his blushing and weeping bride from the church. His carriage was in attendance; for, not knowing how long the home of his ancestors might be his, he was impatient to return to it. The old Countess of D'Arcy, Mordaunt's relation, with whom Isabel had been staying, called them back to bless them; for even through the coldness of old age, she was touched by the singularity of their love, and affected by their nobleness of heart. She laid her wan and shrivelled hand upon each, as she bade them farewell, and each shrunk back involuntarily, for the cold and light touch seemed like the fingers of the dead.

Fearful indeed is the vicinity of death and life—the bridal chamber and the charnel. That night the old woman died. It appeared as if Fate had set its seal upon the union it had so long forbidden, and had woven a dark thread even in the marriage bond. At least, and with-

out these ideal images, it tore from two hearts, over which the cloud and the blast lay couched in a "grim repose," the last shelter, which, however frail and distant, seemed left to them upon the inhospitable earth.

CHAPTER IV.

"Live while ye may, yet happy pair: enjoy
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed."
MILTON.

THE autumn and the winter passed away; Mordaunt's relation continued implacable. Algernon grieved for this, independent of worldly circumstances; for, though he had seldom seen that relation, yet he loved him for former kindness—rather promised, to be sure, than yet shewn—with the natural warmth of an affection which has but few objects. However, the old gentleman, a very short, very fat person—very short,

and very fat people, when they *are* surly, are the devil and all, for the humours of their mind, like those of their body, have something corrupt and unpurgeable in them—wrote him one bluff, contemptuous letter, in a witty strain —for he was a bit of a humourist—disowned his connection, and very shortly afterwards died, and left all his fortune to the very Mr. Vavasour who was at law with Mordaunt, and for whom he had always openly expressed the strongest personal dislike — spite to one relation is a marvellous tie to another. Meanwhile the law-suit went on less slowly than law-suits usually do, and the final decision was very speedily to be given.

We said the autumn and winter were gone; and it was in one of those latter days in March, when, like a hoyden girl subsiding into dawning womanhood, the rude weather mellows into a softer and tenderer month, that, by the side of a stream, overshadowed by many a brake and tree,

from which the young blossoms sent "a message from the spring," sate two persons.

"I know not, dearest Algernon," said one, who was a female, "if this is not almost the sweetest month in the year, because it is the month of *Hope*."

"Ay, Isabel; and they did it wrong who called it harsh, and dedicated it to Mars. I exult even in the fresh winds which hardier frames than mine shrink from, and I love feeling their wild breath fan my cheek as I ride against it."

"And so do I," said Isabel, softly; "for the same winds which come to my cheek must have kissed yours."

"I remember," said Algernon, musingly, "that on this very day three years ago, I was travelling through Germany, alone and on horseback, and I stood, not far from Ens, on the banks of the Danube; the waters of the

river were disturbed and fierce, and the winds came loud and angry against my face, dashing the spray of the waves upon me, and filling my spirits with a buoyant and glad delight; and at that time I had been indulging old dreams of poetry, and had lain my philosophy aside; and, in the inspiration of the moment, I lifted up my hand towards the quarter from whence the winds came, and questioned them audibly of their birth-place, and their bourne; and as the enthusiasm increased, I compared them to our human life, which a moment is, and then is *not;* and, proceeding from folly to folly, I asked them, as if they were the weird interpreters of heaven, for a type and sign of my future lot."

"And what said they?" inquired Isabel, smiling, yet smiling timidly.

"They answered not," replied Mordaunt; "but a voice within me seemed to say—'Look

above!' and I raised my eyes, but I did not see *thee*, love—so the Book of Fate lied."

"Nay, Algernon, what *did* you see?" asked Isabel, more earnestly than the question deserved.

"I saw a thin cloud, alone amidst many dense and dark ones scattered around; and as I gazed, it seemed to take the likeness of a funeral procession—coffin, bearers, priest, all—as clear in the cloud as I have seen them on the *earth*, and I shuddered as I saw; but the winds blew the vapour onwards, and it mingled with the broader masses of cloud; and then, Isabel, the sun shone forth for a moment, and I mistook, love, when I said you were not there, for *that* sun was you; but suddenly the winds ceased, and the rain came on fast and heavy: so my romance cooled, and my fever slaked—I thought on the inn at Ens, and the blessings of a wood fire, which is

lighted in a moment, and I spurred on my horse accordingly."

"It is very strange," said Isabel.

"What, love?" whispered Algernon, kissing her cheek.

"Nothing, dearest, nothing. See what a beautiful butterfly has settled on that blossom, just at your feet; it has brought you a message from Oberon, that you are not, on pain of his express displeasure, to wander out so late in these damp evenings. His majesty declares that you brush away all the dew from his own haunts, and that moreover you disturb his revels by your unholy presence. Be sure, therefore, Algernon, that you do not stir out after nightfall."

Algernon smiled as he rose—"I think, Isabel, that it is rather a herald from Titania to *you*, begging you to go to bed betimes, and

leave the house to Puck and his fellows, instead of sitting up all night for a husband, who loves his star-lit rambles and moth-worn volumes better than you."

"Ay, but he does not *love* them better, Algernon, does he?" said Isabel, seriously; and Algernon laughed.

At that instant, the deer, which lay waving their lordly antlers to and fro beneath the avenue which sloped upward from the stream to the house, rose hurriedly and in confusion, and stood gazing, with watchful eyes, upon a man advancing towards the pair.

It was one of the servants with a letter. Isabel saw a faint change (which none else could have seen) in Mordaunt's countenance, as he recognized the writing and broke the seal. When he had read the letter, his eyes fell upon the ground, and then with a slight start he lifted

them up, and gazed long and eagerly around. Wistfully did he drink, as it were, into his heart the beautiful and expanded scene which lay stretched on either side; the noble avenue which his forefathers had planted as a shelter to their sons, and which now, in its majestic growth and its waving boughs, seemed to say, "Lo! ye are repaid;" and the never silent and silver stream, by which his boyhood had sat for hours, lulled by its music, and inhaling the fragrance of the reed and wild-flower that decoyed the bee to its glossy banks; and the deer, to whose melancholy *belling* he had listened so often in the grey twilight with a rapt and dreaming ear; and the green fern waving on the gentle hill, from whose shade his young feet had startled the hare and the infant fawn; and, far and faintly gleaming through the thick trees, which clasped it as with a girdle, the old Hall, so associated with vague

hopes and musing dreams, and the dim legends of gone time, and the prejudiced yet high inspiritings of ancestral pride; all seemed to sink within him as he gazed like the last looks of departing friends; and when Isabel, who had not dared to break a silence which partook so strongly of gloom, at length laid her hand upon his arm, and lifted her dark, deep tender eyes to his, he said, as he drew her towards him, and a faint and sickly smile played upon his lips—

"It is past, Isabel: henceforth we have no wealth but in each other. The cause has been decided—and—and—we are beggars!"

CHAPTER V.

"We expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of."

COWLEY.

WE must suppose a lapse of four years from the date of those events which concluded the last chapter; and, to recompense our reader, who, we know, has a little penchant for "High Life," (oh, that our pen should ever write so odious a phrase!) even in the last century, for having hitherto shewn him human beings in a state of society not wholly artificial, we beg him to picture to himself a large room, brilliantly illuminated, and crowded "with the magnates

of the land." Here (some in saltatory motion, some in sedentary rest) are dispersed various groups of young ladies and attendant swains, talking upon the subject of Lord Rochester's celebrated poem, viz.: "*Nothing!*"—and, lounging around the doors, meditating, probably, upon the same subject, stand those unhappy victims of dancing daughters, denominated "Papas." To them, unless our grandfathers differed widely from ourselves, a ball is not that *comble de bonheur* which our young lady readers may suppose it to be.

For our parts, to come to the present day, we, who are quiet, melancholy, speculative persons in such scenes, love to sit in an obscure corner, and mark the bright gleam of sunshine which flashes over the faces of these paternal sufferers, when the subject of "the next Ascot," or "T——'s motion," or "my country farm," is suddenly started. How instantaneously their fancy

transports them from the dull duties of their present situation; how gloatingly the middle-aged gentlemen dwell upon the merits of "Matilda," or the perfection of the Game Laws, or the singular improvement in turnips!

But we return to our ball-room. The music has ceased—the dancers have broken up, and there is a general but gentle sweep towards the realm of refreshment. Amongst the crowd—having just entered—singularly aristocratic in his mien, though, perhaps, rather too unpretendingly and carelessly dressed—general attention settled upon a young and very handsome man. Reader, do you observe with what a grace he glides through the throng; how well he returns the bow and smile which on either side assail him; with what courtly, yet seemingly unaffected address he utters to that lady (the Duchess of ——) the greeting of the night; how joyously he shakes hands with yon gentle-

man, a winner at the last Newmarket; how dexterously he mingles pride and respect in his salutation of that be-ordered foreigner, the ambassador of ——? Do you like him, Reader? We hope so, for he is Clarence Linden!

"How do you do, Mr. Linden?" said a tall and (though somewhat *passée*) very handsome woman, blazing with diamonds; "are you just come?"

And here, by the way, we cannot resist pausing to observe, that a friend of ours, meditating a novel, submitted a part of the MS. to a friendly publisher. "Sir," said the bookseller, "your book is very clever, but it wants dialogue."

"Dialogue?" cried our friend—"you mistake—it's all dialogue."

"Ay, Sir, but not what *we* call dialogue; we want a little conversation in fashionable life—a little elegant chit-chat or so; and as you must

have seen so much of the *beau monde*, you could do it to the life: we must have something light, and witty, and entertaining."

"Light, witty, and entertaining!" said our poor friend; "and how the deuce then is it to be like conversation in fashionable life? When the very best conversation one can get is so insufferably dull, how do you think people will be amused by reading a copy of the very worst?"

"They *are* amused, Sir," said the publisher, "and works of this kind *sell!*"

"I am convinced," said our friend; for he was a man of a placid temper: he took the hint, and his book did sell!

Now this anecdote rushed into our mind after the penning of the little address of the lady in diamonds—"How do you do, Mr. Linden? Are you just come?" and it received an additional weight from our utter inability to put into the mouth of

Mr. Linden, though, we assure you, our desire of representing him in the most brilliant colours made us take incredible pains with his reply, —any more happy and eloquent answer than—"Only this instant!"

However, as this is in the true spirit of elegant dialogue, we trust our readers find it much more light, witty, and entertaining than, to speak candidly, we do.

While Clarence was engaged in talking with this lady, a very pretty, lively, animated girl, with laughing blue eyes, which, joined to the dazzling fairness of her complexion, gave a Hebe youth to her features and expression, was led up to the said lady by a tall young man, and consigned, with the ceremonious bow of the *vieille cour*, to her protection.

"Ah, Mr. Linden," cried the young lady, "I am very glad to see you—such a beautiful ball!—Every body here that I most like. Have

you had any refreshments, mamma? But I need not ask, for I am sure you have not; do come, Mr. Linden will be our cavalier."

"Well, Flora, as you please," said the elder lady, with a proud and fond look at her beautiful daughter; and Clarence's arm was by both accepted.

No sooner were they seated at one of the tables, than they were accosted by an old acquaintance, Lord St. George, whom our reader may remember as a silent, thin nobleman, at a supper at Mr. Talbot's.

"London," said his lordship to her of the diamonds, "has not seemed like the same place, since Lady Westborough arrived: your presence brings out all the other luminaries; and therefore a young acquaintance of mine—God bless me, there he is, seated by Lady Flora,—very justly called you the evening star."

"Was that Mr. Linden's pretty saying?" said Lady Westborough, smiling.

"It was," answered Lord St. George; "and, by the by, he is a very sensible, pleasant person, and greatly improved since he left England last."

"What!" said Lady Westborough, in a low tone (for Clarence, though in earnest conversation with Lady Flora, was within hearing), and making room for Lord St. George beside her, "What! did *you* know him before he went to ——? You can probably tell me, then, who—that is to say—what family he is exactly of—the Lindens of Devonshire, or—or—"

"Why, really," said Lord St. George, a little confused, for no man likes to be acquainted with persons whose pedigree he cannot explain, "I don't know what may be his family: I met him at Talbot's four or five years ago; he was then a mere boy, but he struck me as being

very clever, and Talbot since told me that he was a nephew of his own."

"Talbot," said Lady Westborough, musingly, "what Talbot?"

"Oh! *the* Talbot—the *ci-devant jeune homme.*"

"What! that charming, clever, animated old gentleman, who used to dress so oddly, and had been so celebrated a *beau garçon* in his day?"

"Exactly so," said Lord St. George, taking snuff; and delighted to find he had set his young acquaintance on so honourable a footing.

"I did not know he was still alive," said Lady Westborough; and then turning her eyes towards Clarence and her daughter, she added, carelessly, "Mr. Talbot is very rich, is he not?"

"Rich as Crœsus," replied Lord St. George, with a sigh.

"And Mr. Linden is his heir, I suppose?"

"In all probability," answered Lord St. George; "though I believe *I* have some distant relationship to Talbot. However, I could not make him fully understand it the other day, though I took particular pains to explain it."

While this conversation was going on between the Marchioness of Westborough and Lord St. George, a dialogue equally interesting to the parties concerned, and we hope equally light, witty, and entertaining to our readers in general, was sustained between Clarence and Lady Flora.

"How long shall you stay in England?" asked the latter, looking down.

"I have not yet been able to decide," replied Clarence; "for it rests with the ministers, not me. Directly Lord Aspeden obtains another appointment, I am promised the office of Secretary of Legation; but till then, I am—

"'A captive in Augusta's towers,
To Beauty and her train.'"

"Oh!" cried Lady Flora, laughing, "you mean Mrs. Desborough, and her train: see where they sweep! pray go and render your homage."

"It *is* rendered," said Linden, in a low voice, "without so long a pilgrimage, but perhaps despised."

Lady Flora's laugh was hushed; the deepest blushes suffused her cheeks, and the whole character of that face, before so playful and joyous, seemed changed as by a spell, into a grave, subdued, and even timid look.

Linden resumed, and his voice scarcely rose above a *whisper*.—A whisper! O delicate and fairy sound! music that speaketh to the heart, as if loath to break the spell that binds it while it listens! Sigh breathed into words, and freighting love in tones languid, like homeward bees, by the very sweets with which they are charged! Was it not through such utterance, and in such

a scene, that *thou,* whom Death has shrouded with a veil of dark and unwelcome thoughts, didst first yield thee to a love circled by smiles and gladness, yet nurturing itself only upon tears! Thou, for whom I have dipped into Lethe, the pen which once wrote thought in characters of fire, and wooed for these idle pages, the light themes which my heart disowneth, that I might keep for ever inviolate to thy remembrance, that fountain of passionate romance, which I once dedicated to thee as to its Spirit! Oh!—why—why, when my theme wanders to Love, does my heart fly to thy distant grave, even as a bird flieth unto its nest? Dead—buried—forgotten by all else—vanished, yea, to the last trace, from the visible creation, why dost thou come to me, to torture and to haunt? I loved thee not, as I have loved since; not as at this moment, with a hoard of all grateful, and fond, and passionate thought, I love

one more beautiful, and not less true than thou wert! Have I not girded myself with changes—changes which make me start at the hush of night, and ask if I myself am the same?—and thou!—O world—life—death—mysterious womb of the eternal past—ye have a secret, and a curse—and a spell, which makes my blood creep and freeze at this hour; but neither heaven, nor earth, nor that which is beneath the earth, have a charm to exorcise the ghosts which ye can raise!

"Do you remember," said Clarence, "that evening at ——— when we last parted? and the boldness which at that time *you* were gentle enough to forgive?"

Lady Flora replied not.

"And do you remember," continued Clarence, "that I told you, that it was not as an unknown and obscure adventurer that I would *claim* the hand which, *as* an adventurer, I had won?"

Lady Flora raised her eyes for one moment, and encountering the ardent gaze of Clarence, as instantly dropped them.

"The time is not *yet* come," said Linden, "for the fulfilment of this promise; but may I—dare I hope, that when it does I shall not be——"

"Flora, my love," said Lady Westborough, "let me introduce to you Lord Borodaile."

Lady Flora turned—the spell was broken; and the lovers were instantly transformed into ordinary mortals. But, as Flora, after returning Lord Borodaile's address, glanced her eye towards Clarence, she was struck with the sudden and singular change of his countenance; the flush of youth and passion was fled, his complexion was deadly pale, and his eyes were fixed with a searching and unaccountable meaning, upon the face of the young nobleman, who was alternately addressing with a quiet and

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI

somewhat haughty fluency, the beautiful mother, and the more lovely, though less commanding daughter. Directly Linden perceived that he was observed, he rose, turned away, and was soon lost among the crowd.

Lord Borodaile, the son and heir of the powerful Earl of Ulswater, was about the age of thirty, small, slight, and rather handsome than otherwise; his complexion was dark and sallow; and a very aquiline nose, gave a stern, and somewhat severe air to a countenance naturally grave and harsh in its expression. He had been for several years abroad, in various parts of the continent, and (no other field for an adventurous and fierce spirit presenting itself) had served with the gallant Earl of Effingham, in the war between the Turks and Russians, as a volunteer in the armies of the latter. In this service he had been highly distinguished for courage and conduct; and on his return to

England about a twelvemonth since, had obtained the command of a cavalry regiment. Passionately fond of his profession, he entered into its minutest duties with a zeal, not exceeded by the youngest and poorest subaltern in the army.

His manners were very cold, haughty, collected, and self-possessed, and his conversation that of a man who has cultivated his intellect, rather in the world than the closet. We mean, that perfectly ignorant of things, he was driven to converse solely upon persons, and having imbibed no other philosophy than that which worldly deceits and disappointments bestow, his remarks, though shrewd, were bitterly sarcastic, and partook of all the ill nature for which a very scanty *connaissance du monde* gives a sour and malevolent mind so ready an excuse.

"How very disagreeable Lord Borodaile is," said Lady Flora, when the object of the remark

turned away, and rejoined some idlers of his corps.

"Disagreeable!" said Lady Westborough. "I think him charming; he is so sensible. How true his remarks on the world are!"

Thus is it always: the young judge harshly of those who undeceive or revolt their enthusiasm; and the more advanced in years, who have not learned, by a diviner wisdom, to look upon the human follies and errors by which they have suffered, with a pitying and lenient eye, consider every maxim of severity on those frailties, as the mark of a superior knowledge, and praise that as a profundity of thought, which in reality is but an infirmity of temper.

Clarence is now engaged in a *minuet de la cour*, with the beautiful Countess of ———, the best dancer of the day in England. Lady Flora is flirting with half a dozen '*elegants*' the more violently, in proportion as she observes

the animation with which Clarence converses, and the grace with which his partner moves: and having thus left our two principal personages occupied and engaged, let us turn for a moment to a room, which we have not entered.

This is a forlorn, deserted chamber, destined to cards, which are never played in this temple of Terpsichore. At the far end of this room, opposite to the fire-place, are seated four men, engaged in earnest conversation.

The tallest of these was Lord Quintown, a nobleman, remarkable at that day, for his personal advantages, his good fortune with the *beau sexe*, his attempts at parliamentary eloquence in which he was lamentably unsuccessful, and his adherence to Lord North. Next to him, sat Mr. St. George, the younger brother of Lord St. George, a gentleman to whom power and place seemed married without hope of divorce, for, whatever had been the changes of ministry

for the last twelve years, he, secure in a lucrative, though subordinate situation, had "smiled at the whirlwind, and defied the storm;" and while all things shifted and vanished round him, like clouds and vapours, had remained fixed and stationary as a star. "Solid St. George," was his appellative by his friends, and his enemies did not grudge him the title. The third, was the minister for ———; and the fourth, was Clarence's friend, Lord Aspeden. Now this nobleman, blest with a benevolent, smooth, calm countenance, valued himself especially upon his diplomatic elegance in turning a compliment.

Having a great taste for literature as well as diplomacy, this respected and respectable peer also possessed a curious felicity of applying quotation; and nothing rejoiced him so much, as when, in the same phrase, he was enabled to set the two jewels of his courtliness of flattery and his profundity of erudition. Unhappily enough

his compliments were seldom as well taken as they were meant; and whether from the ingratitude of the persons complimented, or the ill fortune of the noble adulator, seemed sometimes to produce indignation in place of delight. It has been said, that his civilities had cost Lord Aspeden four duels and one beating; but these reports were probably the malicious invention of those who had never tasted the delicacies of his flattery.

Now these four persons being all members of the Privy Council, and of his Majesty's Government, and being thus engaged in close and earnest conference, were, you will suppose, employed in discussing the gravities and secrets of state—no such thing: that whisper from Lord Quintown, the handsome nobleman, to Mr. St. George, is no hoarded and valuable information which would rejoice the heart of the editor of an opposition paper, no *grave sususurrum*, "perplexing

monarchs with the dread of change;" it is only a recent piece of scandal, touching the virtue of a *dame de la cour*, which (albeit the sage listener seems to pay so devout an attention to the news) is far more interesting to the gallant and handsome informant than to his brother statesman; and that emphatic and vehement tone with which Lord Aspeden is assuring the minister for —— of some fact, is merely an angry denunciation of the chicanery practised at the last Newmarket.

"By the by, Aspeden," said Lord Quintown, "who is that good-looking fellow always flirting with Lady Flora Ardenne—an *attaché* of yours, is he not?"

"Oh, Linden, I suppose you mean? a very sensible, clever young fellow, who has a great genius for business, and plays the flute admirably. I must have him for my secretary, my dear lord, mind that."

"With such a recommendation, Lord Aspeden," said the minister, with a bow, "the state would be a great loser, did it not elect your *attaché*, who plays so admirably on the flute, to the office of your secretary."

"Ah! your lordship always does pay such beautiful compliments. What lines were those somebody applied to you—

> "Here lies the minion of the king,
> Whose word no man relied on;
> Who sometimes said a foolish thing,
> But never did ——"

"How does it go on, St. George?"

"Let us join the dancers," said the minister. "Ah! they are very pretty lines, 'Minion of a king,'—'Sometimes said a foolish thing,'—But never'—I wish I could recollect the rest."

"I shall go and talk with Count L——," quoth Mr. St. George.

"And I shall make my court to his beautiful wife," said the minister, sauntering into the ball-

room, to which his fine person and graceful manner were much better adapted, than was his genius to the cabinet, or his eloquence to the senate. So essentially different are the talents requisite for the man who is to shine in the world, from those which are calculated for shining in the saloon, that history scarcely furnishes us with six examples of men who have united both.

The morning had long dawned, and Clarence, for whose ambitious mind pleasure was more fatiguing than business, lingered near the door, to catch one last look of Lady Flora before he retired. He saw her leaning on the arm of Lord Borodaile, and hastening to join the dancers, with her usual light step and laughing air; for Clarence's short conference with her had, in spite of his subsequent flirtations, rendered her happier than she had ever felt before. Again a change passed over Clarence's counte-

nance—a change which we find it difficult to express without borrowing from those celebrated German novelists, who could portray in such exact colours " a look of mingled joy, sorrow, hope, passion, rapture, and despair," for the look was not that of jealousy alone, although it certainly partook of its nature, but a little also of interest, and a little of sorrow; and when he turned away, and slowly descended the stairs, his eyes were full of tears, and his thoughts far —far away—whither?

CHAPTER VI.

"Quæ fert adolescentia
Ea ne me celet consuefeci filium."
TERENT.

THE next morning Clarence was lounging over his breakfast, and glancing listlessly now at the pages of the newspapers, now at the various engagements for the week, which lay confusedly upon his table, when he received a note from Talbot, requesting to see him *aû plûtot.*

"Had it not been for that man," said Clarence to himself, "what should I have been now? When my own kin cast me off, when I

stood alone and friendless in the wide world, it was a stranger's hand which raised and guided me. But (and here the natural and somewhat excusable pride of Clarence broke out) but, at least, I have not disgraced his friendship. I have already ascended the roughest, because the lowest, steps, on the hill where Fortune builds her temple. I have already won for the name I have chosen, some 'golden opinions,' to gild its obscurity. One year more may confirm my destiny, and ripen hope into success: then—then, I may perhaps throw off a disguise, that while it befriended has not degraded me, and avow myself to her! Yet, if I did, it is but an exchange of names; my own is neither prefaced by titles, nor hallowed by wealth. No: better that I should continue to advance that name, which I require no ancestors to ennoble, and which none have authority to question, than recur to one which I have been deemed un-

worthy to bear. Well, well, these are bitter and as yet vain thoughts; let me turn to others. How beautiful Flora looked last night! were I as high now as I *will be* hereafter, she would reflect honour on my choice; and, he—he—how carelessly we looked at each other. Proud as he is, he *has* something noble in his air: I think I could love him; but enough of this: I must dress, and then to Talbot."

Muttering these wayward fancies, Clarence rose, rung for his valet, completed his toilet, sent for his horses, and repaired to a village about seven miles from London, where Talbot, having yielded to Clarence's fears and solicitations, and left his former insecure tenement, now resided under the guard and care of an especial and private watchman.

It was a pretty, quiet villa, surrounded by a plantation and pleasure ground of some extent, for a suburban residence, in which the old

philosopher (for though, in some respects, still frail and prejudiced, Talbot deserved that name) held his home. The ancient servant, on whom four years had passed lightly and favouringly, opened the door to Clarence, with his usual smile of greeting, and familiar yet respectful salutation, and ushered our hero into a room, furnished with the usual fastidious, and rather feminine luxury, which characterized Talbot's tastes. Sitting with his back *studiously* turned to the light, which was only admitted through curtains of *crimson* velvet, and propped, in a large easy chair, by cushions of the same costly material, Clarence found the wreck of what once was the gallant, gay Lothario of the *mode* and *monde*.

There was not much alteration in his countenance, since *we*, (viz. you, dear Reader, and ourself—*not* Clarence,) last saw him; the lines, it is true, were a little more decided, and the cheeks

a little more sunken, but the dark eye beamed with all its wonted vivacity, and the delicate contour of the lip and mouth preserved all its physiognomical characteristics of the inward man. He rose with somewhat more difficulty than he was wont to do, and his limbs had lost much of the symmetrical proportions which age had been long assailing before it could efface; yet the kind clasp of his hand was as firm and warm, as when it had pressed that of the boyish *attaché* four years since; and the voice which expressed his salutation, yet breathed its unconquered suavity and distinctness of modulation. After the customary greetings and inquiries were given and returned, the young man drew his chair near to Talbot's, and said—

"You sent for me, dear Sir; have you any thing more important than usual to impart to me?—or—and I hope *this* is the case—have you at

last thought of any commission, however trifling, in the execution of which I can be of use?"

"Yes, Clarence, I wish your judgment to select me some strawberries, you know that I am a great epicure in fruit—and get me the new thing Dr. Johnson has just published. There, are you contented? And now, tell me all about your horse, does he step well? Has he the true English head and shoulder? Are his legs fine, yet strong? Is he full of spirit and devoid of vice? the rich wine without the hot adulteration: just sufficient to make you feel life without reminding you of death."

"He is all this, Sir, thanks to you for him."

"Ah!" cried Talbot—

> "'Old as I am, for riding feats unfit,
> The shape of horses I remember yet.'

—"And now let us hear how you like Ranelagh? and, above all, how you liked the ball last night?"

And the vivacious old man listened with the profoundest appearance of interest to all the particulars of Clarence's animated detail. His vanity, which made him wish to be loved, had long since taught him the surest method of becoming so; and with him, every visitor, old, young, the man of books, or the disciple of the world, was sure to find the readiest and even eagerest sympathy in every amusement or occupation. But for Clarence, this interest lay deeper than in the surface of courtly breeding. Gratitude had first bound to him his adopted son, then a tie, which we have not yet explained, and lastly, but not least, the pride of protection. He was vain of the personal and mental attractions of his *protegé*, and eager for the *succes de societé* of one whose honours would reflect credit on himself.

But there was one part of Clarence's account of the last night, to which the philosopher paid

a still deeper attention, and on which he was more minute in his advice; what this was, we cannot as yet, my dear Reader, permit ourselves to reveal to thee.

The conversation then turned on light and general matters. The scandal, the literature, the politics, the *on dits* of the day, from thence Talbot dropped at last into his office of Mentor.

"I see," said he, "that you have been obliging enough to follow my advice, and to dress on the side of simplicity. I, who have paid the attention of a life to such trifles, know the vast consequence they are to ambition. Never get a reputation for a small perfection, if you are trying for fame in a loftier area: the world can only judge by generals: it sees that those who pay considerable attention to minutiæ, seldom have their minds occupied with great things. There are, it is true, exceptions; but to exceptions the world does not attend. Upon

the whole, it would be wiser even to affect the opposite extreme, and to seem so bent upon business, as to have little time for the occupations of the idle; you will, it is true, be less valued by the Guards, but you can get on very well without their approbation. Lord Chesterfield said once, and many people have said it before him, that "a good face is a letter of recommendation." So it may be with your landlady, your mistress, or even your servant—for the vulgar, like women, rank physical qualities above all others; but believe me, that a handsome countenance is the greatest enemy a man devoted to the dry and rugged paths of public honours, can possess. Ministers, diplomatists, the men of corn-bills and committees, think very meanly of those whom they hear their wives and daughters praise for perfections they have learnt to despise; and rightly, for handsome men are so well satisfied with the

success of person, that they have not in general the samestimulus as the less favoured, to obtain a more distant and deferred reward to their vanity. A very clever friend of mine told me, that the greatest difficulty he had had to surmount on his way to the treasury bench, was a very handsome head of light curling hair, which he could not be persuaded to disguise with powder, or dress in the fashion of the day. Even when he got to the place to which he had been all his life aspiring, and for which he was eminently fitted, the newspapers and satirists made so many witty allusions to this unfortunate gift of Nature, and so many angry denunciations against the effeminate audacity, which dared to be a minister of state, and yet have light curling hair, that he told me, with tears in his eyes, that he should be forced to resign. 'Pooh!' said I, 'wear a wig.' This alternative, my friend (who, in spite of all it had

cost him, was proud of his hair) sorrowfully accepted; and after a sudden volley of jokes at the change, the persecution ceased, and the satirists turned to examine his measures instead of his curls."

Clarence laughed at this story, which was nevertheless very true, and Talbot continued:

"A celebrated cardinal said, very wisely, that few ever did any thing among men until women were no longer an object to them. That is the reason, by-the-by, why I never succeeded with the former, and why people seldom acquire any reputation, except for a hat or a horse, till they marry. Look round at the various occupations of life. How few bachelors are eminent in any of them! So you see, Clarence, you will have my leave to marry Lady Flora as soon as you please."

Clarence coloured, and rose to depart. Talbot followed him to the door, and then said, in a

careless way, "By-the-by, I had almost forgotten to tell you, that as you have now many new expences, you will find the yearly sum you have hitherto received doubled. To give you this information is the chief reason why I sent for you this morning. God bless you, my dear boy."

And Talbot shut the door, despite his politesse, in the face and thanks of his adopted son.

I wish somebody would adopt me!

CHAPTER VII.

"There is a great difference between seeking to raise a laugh from every thing, and seeking in every thing what justly may be laughed at."

LORD SHAFTSBURY.

BEHOLD our hero, now in the full flush and zenith of distinguished dissipations! He had been wise enough to follow Talbot's rules. Very plain in his dress, very unaffected in his manner, he interfered not with the pretensions of his cotemporaries, nor incensed their vanity by blazoning his own. Even those who would have been jealous of his extraordinary personal advantages were disarmed by the little value he

appeared to set on their possession. Courteous, attentive, and animated, the women did not esteem him the less for admiring them rather than himself; while, by the gravity of his demeanour to men—the eloquent, yet unpretending flow of his conversation, whenever topics of intellectual interest were discussed—the plain and solid sense which he studiously threw into his remarks—and the avidity with which he courted the society of all distinguished for literary or political eminence, he was silently, but surely, establishing himself in esteem as well as popularity, and laying the certain foundation of future honour and success.

Thus, although he had only been four months returned to England, he was already known and courted in every circle, and universally spoken of as among "the most rising young gentlemen" whom fortune and the administration had marked for their own. His history, during the

four years in which we have lost sight of him, is briefly told.

He soon won his way into the good graces of Lord Aspeden; became his private secretary, and, occasionally, his confidant. Universally admired for his attraction of form and manner, and, though aiming at reputation, not averse to pleasure, he established that sort of name which a good person and a little *succès auprès des dames* readily obtains; and thus when (a year before his return to England) Lady Westborough and her beautiful daughter, then only sixteen, came to ——, in the progress of a continental tour, he had become rather a lion, and consequently a fit person to flirt with the marchioness and dance with the daughter. Hence his love to the latter, and the secret but treasured vows to which Clarence had alluded in the ball-room.

Lord Aspeden being recalled, Clarence ac-

companied him to England; and the ex-minister really liking much one who was so useful to him, had faithfully promised to procure him the office and honour of Secretary of Legation—no bad opening to a diplomatist of twenty-three.

Three *intimate* acquaintances had Clarence Linden. The one was the Honourable Henry Trollolop, the second Mr. Callythorpe, and the third Sir Christopher Findlater. We will sketch them to you in an instant. Mr. Trollolop was a short, stout gentleman, with a very thoughtful countenance, that is to say, he wore spectacles and took snuff. Mr. Trollolop—we delight in pronouncing that soft liquid name—was eminently distinguished by a love of metaphysics—metaphysics were in a great measure the order of the day; but fate had endowed Mr. Trollolop with a singular and felicitous confusion of idea. Reid, Berkeley, Cudworth, Hobbes, all lay jumbled together in most edifying chaos at

the bottom of Mr. Trollolop's capacious mind; and whenever he opened his mouth, the imprisoned enemies came rushing and scrambling out, overturning and contradicting each other, in a manner quite astounding to the ignorant spectator. Mr. Callythorpe was meagre, thin, sharp, and yellow. Whether from having a great propensity for nailing stray acquaintances, or being particularly heavy company, or from any other cause better known to the wits of the period than to us, he was occasionally termed by his friends the "yellow-hammer." The peculiar characteristics of this gentleman were his sincerity and friendship. These qualities led him into saying things the most disagreeable with the civilest and coolest manner in the world —always prefacing them with, "You know, my dear so and so, *I* am your true friend." If this proof of amity was now and then productive of altercation, Mr. Callythorpe, who was a great

patriot, had another and a nobler plea—" Sir," he would say, putting his hand to his heart—" Sir, I'm an Englishman—I know not what it is to feign." Of a very different stamp was Sir Christopher Findlater. Little cared he for the subtleties of the human mind, and not much more for the disagreeable duties of " an Englishman." Honest and jolly—red in the cheeks—empty in the head—born to twelve thousand a year—educated in the country, and heir to an earldom, Sir Christopher Findlater piqued himself, notwithstanding his worldly advantages, usually so destructive to the kindlier affections, on having the best heart in the world, and this good heart having a very bad head to regulate and support it, was the perpetual cause of error to the owner and evil to the public.

One evening when Clarence was alone in his rooms, the Honourable Mr. Trollolop entered.

"My dear Linden," said the visitor, "how are you?"

"I am, as I hope you are, very well," answered Clarence.

"The human mind," said Trollolop, taking off his great coat—

"Sir Christopher Findlater, and Mr. Callythorpe, Sir," said the valet.

"Pshaw! What has Sir Christopher Findlater to do with the human mind?" muttered Mr. Trollolop.

Sir Christopher entered with a swagger and a laugh. "Well, old fellow, how do you do? deuced cold this evening."

"Though it *is* an evening in May," observed Clarence; "but then, this cursed climate."

"Climate," interrupted Mr. Callythorpe, "it's no climate at all; I am an Englishman, and I never abuse my country.

"'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!'"

"Very true," murmured Trollolop, who had only heard one part of the sentence; "there is no climate, neither here nor elsewhere: the climate is in your mind, the chair is in your mind, and the table too, and I dare say you are stupid enough to think the two latter are in the room; the human mind, my dear Findlater—"

"Don't *mind* me, Trollolop," cried the baronet. "I can't bear your clever heads; give me a good heart—that's worth all the heads in the world, d—n me if it is not! Eh, Linden!"

"Your good heart," cried Trollolop, in a passion—(for all your self-called philosophers are a little choleric)—"your good heart is all cant and nonsense—there is no heart at all—we are all mind."

"I'll be hanged if I'm all mind," said the baronet.

"At least," quoth Linden, gravely, "no one ever accused you of it before."

"We are all mind," pursued the reasoner.

"We are all mind, *un moulin à raisonnement*. Our ideas are derived from two sources, sensation, or memory. That neither our thoughts, nor passions, nor ideas formed by the imagination, exist without the mind, every body will allow;* therefore, you see the human mind is—in short, there is nothing *in* the world but the human mind."

"Nothing could be better demonstrated," said Clarence.

"I don't believe it," quoth the baronet.

"But you do believe it, and you must believe it," cried Trollolop; "for 'the Supreme Being has implanted within us the principle of credulity,' and therefore you do believe it."

"But I don't," cried Sir Christopher.

"You are mistaken," replied the metaphysician, calmly: "because I *must* speak truth."

* Berkeley; Sect. iii. Principles of Human Knowledge.

"Why must you, pray?" said the baronet.

"Because," answered Trollolop, taking snuff, "there is a principle of veracity implanted in our nature."

"I wish I were a metaphysician," said Clarence, with a sigh.

"I am glad to hear you say so, for you know, my dear Linden," said Callythorpe, "that I am your true friend, and I must therefore tell you that you are shamefully ignorant. You are not offended?"

"Not at all!" said Clarence, trying to smile.

"And you, my dear Findlater," (turning to the baronet,) "you know that I wish you well—you know that I never flatter, I'm your real friend, so you must not be angry; but you really are prodigiously silly!"

"Mr. Callythorpe," exclaimed the baronet, in a rage, [the best hearted people can't always bear truth,] "what do you mean?"

"You must not be angry, my good Sir—you must not, really. I can't help telling you of your faults, for I am a true Briton, Sir, a true Briton, and leave lying to slaves and Frenchmen."

"You are in an error," said Trollolop; "Frenchmen don't lie, at least not naturally; for in the human mind, as I before said, the Divine Author has implanted a principle of veracity which—"

"My dear Sir," interrupted Callythorpe, very affectionately, "you remind me of what people say of you."

"Memory may be reduced to sensation, since it is only a weaker sensation," quoth Trollolop; "but proceed."

"You know, Trollolop," said Callythorpe, in a singularly endearing intonation of voice, "you know that I never flatter; flattery is unbecoming a true friend—nay more, it is unbecoming a native of our happy isles, and

people do say of you that you know nothing whatsoever, no, not an iota of all that nonsensical, worthless philosophy, of which you are always talking. They say, my dear friend, that your ignorance only equals your conceit, and your puerility your presumption. You're not offended?"

"By no means," cried Trollolop, foaming at the mouth.

"For my part," said the good-hearted Sir Christopher, whose wrath had now subsided, rubbing a pair of large *well-fed-looking* hands—"for my part, I see no good in any of those things; I never read—never—and I don't see how I'm a bit the worse for it. A good man, Linden, in my opinion, only wants to do his duty, and that is very easily done."

"Not so easily," thought the shrewd Clarence (but he did not say so); those in humble life who have few duties, require but little

knowledge to direct them; but those whose station gives them many and intricate duties to perform, will find that something more than good intentions are requisite to execute them.

"A good man!—and what is good?" cried the metaphysician triumphantly. "Is it implanted within us? Hobbes, *according to Reid*, who is our last, and consequently best philosopher, endeavours to demonstrate that there is no difference between right and wrong."

"I have no idea of what you mean," cried Sir Christopher.

"Idea!" exclaimed the pious philosopher. "Sir, give me leave to tell you that no solid proof has ever been advanced of the existence of ideas: they are a mere fiction and hypothesis. Nay, Sir, 'hence arises that scepticism which disgraces our philosophy of the mind.' Ideas!—Findlater, you are a sceptic and an idealist."

"I?" cried the affrighted baronet; "upon

my honour I am no such thing. Every body knows that I am a Christian, and—"

"Ah!" interrupted Callythorpe, with a solemn look, "every body knows that you are not one of those horrid persons—those atrocious deists, and atheists, and sceptics, *et hoc genus*, from whom the church and freedom of old England have suffered such danger. I am a true Briton of the good old school; and I confess, Mr. Trollolop, that I do not like to hear any opinions but the right ones."

"Right ones being only those which Mr. Callythorpe professes," said Clarence.

"Exactly so!" rejoined Mr. Callythorpe.

"The human mind," commenced Mr. Trollolop, stirring the fire; when Clarence, who began to be somewhat tired of this conversation, rose.—"You will excuse me," said he, "but I am particularly engaged, and it is time to dress.

Harrison will get you tea, or whatever else you are inclined for."

"The human mind," renewed Trollolop, not heeding the interruption; and Clarence forthwith left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

"You blame Marcius for being proud."

Coriolanus.

"Here is another fellow, a marvellous pretty hand at fashioning a compliment."

The Tanner of Tyburn.

THERE was a brilliant ball at Lady T——'s, a personage who, every one knows, did, in the year 17—, give the best balls, and have the best dressed people at them, in London. It was about half past twelve, when Clarence, released from his three friends, arrived at the countess's. When he entered, the first thing which struck him was Lord Borodaile in close conversation with Lady Flora.

Clarence paused for a few moments; and then sauntering towards them, caught Flora's eye—coloured, and advanced. Now, if there was a haughty man in Europe, it was Lord Borodaile. He was not proud of his birth, nor fortune, but he was proud of himself; and next to that pride, he was proud of being a gentleman. He had an exceeding horror of all common people; a Claverhouse-sort of supreme contempt to "puddle blood;" his lip seemed to wear scorn as a garment; a lofty and stern self-admiration, rather than self-love, sat upon his forehead as on a throne. He had, as it were, an awe of himself; his thoughts were so many mirrors of Viscount Borodaile, dressed *en dieu*. His mind was a little Versailles, in which *self* sate like Louis XIV., and saw nothing but pictures of *its* self, sometimes as Jupiter, and sometimes as Apollo. What marvel, then, that Lord Borodaile was a very unpleasant com-

panion; for every human being he had "something of contempt." His eye was always eloquent in disdaining: to the plebeian it said—"You are not a gentleman;" to the prince, "You are not Lord Borodaile."

Yet, with all this, he had his good points. He was brave as a lion; strictly honourable, even in play; and though very ignorant, and very self-sufficient, had that sort of dogged good sense which one very often finds in men of stern hearts, who, if they have many prejudices, have little feeling, to overcome.

Very stiffly, and very haughtily, did Lord Borodaile draw up, when Clarence approached, and addressed Lady Flora; much more stiffly, and much more haughtily, did he return, though with old fashioned precision of courtesy, Clarence's bow, when Lady Westborough introduced them to each other. Not that this hauteur

was intended as a particular affront: it was only the agreeability of his Lordship's *general* manner.

"Are you engaged?" said Clarence, to Flora.

"I am, at present, to Lord Borodaile."

"After him, may I hope?"

Lady Flora nodded assent, and disappeared with Lord Borodaile.

His Royal Highness the Duke of —— came up to Lady Westborough; and Clarence, with a smiling countenance, and an absent heart, plunged into the crowd. There he met Lord Aspeden, in conversation with the Earl of Holdenworth, one of the administration.

"Ah, Linden!" said the winning diplomatist, shaking Clarence cordially by the hand, "how are you? You have been dancing of course? Ah! how wonderfully you accomplish a cotillon

—nay! 'tis true, upon my honour it is! You always remind me of the beautiful lines of the poet—

> "We thought thy head unequalled; now we greet
> That head as far less heavy than thy feet."

Clarence bowed. "Your lordship's compliments are beyond all hope of return."

"Nay, nay, my dear boy, never despair! consider I have been twenty years in diplomacy."

"You forget," said Lord Holdenworth, "that you promised to introduce me to your friend, Mr. Linden."

"Ah! so I did. Linden, let me introduce you to Lord Holdenworth. I do assure your lordship, that you will find my young friend exceedingly clever; he plays the flute beautifully; and your friend, Lord Quintown when I told him of it the other night, very justly said, that—that

—well, I quite forget what he said; but, however rude it may seem in me to do so, I do assure your lordship, that it is nothing more than my constant custom. I never can remember a single word of what our friend says. But he is so eloquent. His oratory always reminds me of the poet's fine line on a stream—

> "'Which runs, and as it runs, for ever shall run on.'"

And at this flattering quotation, Lord Aspeden ceased, and looked round for applause. Meanwhile, Lord Holdenworth entered into conversation with Clarence, in a familiar tone and manner, not usually exercised by men in power towards young gentlemen of twenty-three. "You will dine with me, then, to-morrow, Mr. Linden?" said the great man, as he moved away.

Clarence bowed; and turning, beheld Lady Flora, whose hand he immediately claimed.

My dear Reader, you and I, who are not dancing with the ladies of our first love, have now seen enough of this ball, and accordingly we will go home and finish this chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

"'Tis true his nature may with faults abound;
But who will cavil when *the heart* is sound?"
STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

"Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currant."
HOR.

THE next day, Sir Christopher Findlater called on Clarence. "Let us lounge into the park," said he.

"With pleasure," replied Clarence; and into the park they lounged.

By the way they met a crowd, who were hurrying a man to prison. The good-hearted Sir Christopher stopped—"Who is that poor fellow?" said he.

"It is the celebrated,"—(in England all criminals are celebrated. Thurtell was a hero, Thistlewood a patriot, and Fauntleroy was discovered to be exactly like Buonaparte)--"it is the celebrated robber, John Jefferies, who broke into Mrs. Wilson's house, and cut the throats of herself and her husband, wounded the maid servant, and split the child's skull with the poker."

Clarence pressed forward:—"I have seen that man before," thought he. He looked again, and recognized the face of the robber who had escaped from Talbot's house, on the eventful night which had made Clarence's fortune. It was a strongly marked, and rather handsome countenance, which would not be easily forgotten; and a single circumstance of excitement will stamp features on the memory, as deeply as the common-place intercourse of years.

"John Jefferies!" exclaimed the Baronet, "let us come away."

"Linden," continued Sir Christopher, "that fellow was my servant once. He robbed me to some considerable extent. I caught him. He appealed to my heart, and you know, my dear fellow, that was irresistible, so I let him off. Who could have thought he would have turned out so?" And the baronet proceeded to eulogize his own good nature, by which it is just necessary to remark, that one miscreant had been saved for a few years from transportation in order to rob and murder *ad libitum*, and having fulfilled the office of a common pest, to suffer on the gallows at last. What a fine thing it is to have a good heart!

Both our gentlemen now sunk into a reverie, from which they were awakened, at the entrance of the park, by a young man in rags, who, with

a piteous tone, supplicated charity. Clarence, who to his honour be it spoken, spent an allotted and considerable part of his income in judicious and laborious benevolence, had read a little of political morals, then beginning to be understood, and walked on. The good-hearted baronet put his hand in his pocket, and gave the beggar half a guinea, by which a young, strong man, who had only just commenced the trade, was confirmed in his imposition for the rest of his life; and instead of the useful support, became the pernicious incumbrance, of society.

Sir Christopher had now recovered his spirits. —"What's like a good action?" said he, to Clarence, with a swelling breast.

The park was crowded to excess; our loungers were joined by Lord St. George. His lordship was a staunch Tory. He could not endure Wilkes, liberty, or general education.

He launched out against the* enlightenment of domestics.

"What has made you so bitter?" said Sir Christopher.

"My valet!" cried Lord St. George,—"he has invented a new toasting fork, is going to take out a patent, make his fortune, *and leave me;* that's what I call ingratitude, Sir Christopher; for I ordered his wages to be raised five pounds but last year."

"It *was* very ungrateful," said the ironical Clarence.

"Very!" reiterated the good-hearted Sir Christopher.

"You cannot recommend me a valet, Find-

* The ancestors of our present footmen, if we may believe Sir William Temple, seem to have been to the full as intellectual as their descendants. "I have had," observes the philosophic statesman, "several servants far gone in divinity, others in poetry; have known in the families of some friends, a keeper deep in the Rosicrusian mysteries, and a laundress firm in those of Epicurus."

later," renewed his lordship, "a good, honest, sensible fellow, who can neither read nor write?"

"N—o—o—that is to say, yes! I can; my old servant, Collard, is out of place, and is as ignorant as—as—"

"I—or you are," said Lord St. George, with a laugh.

"Precisely," replied the baronet.

"Well, then, I take your recommendation: send him to me to-morrow at twelve."

"I will," said Sir Christopher.

"My dear Findlater," cried Clarence, when Lord St. George was gone, "did you not tell me some time ago, that Collard was a great rascal, and closely *lié* with Jefferies? and now you recommend him to Lord St. George!"

"Hush, hush, hush!" said the baronet; "he was a great rogue to be sure; but, poor fellow, he came to me yesterday with tears in his eyes,

and said he should starve if I would not give him a character; so what could I do?"

"At least, tell Lord St. George the truth," observed Clarence.

"But then Lord St. George would not take him!" rejoined the good-hearted Sir Christopher, with forcible *naïveté*. "No, no, Linden, we must not be so hard-hearted; we must forgive and forget," and so saying, the baronet threw out his chest, with the conscious exultation of a man who has uttered a noble sentiment. The moral of this little history is, that Lord St. George, having been pillaged "through thick and thin," as the proverb has it, for two years, at last missed a gold watch, and Monsieur Collard finished his career, as his exemplary tutor, Mr. John Jefferies, had done before him. Ah! what a fine thing it is to have a good heart.

But, to return, just as our wanderers had

arrived at the farther end of the park, Lady Westborough and her daughter passed them. Clarence, excusing himself to his friend, hastened towards them, and was soon occupied in saying the prettiest things in the world to the prettiest person, at least in his eyes; while Sir Christopher having done as much mischief as a good heart well can do in a walk of an hour, returned home to write a long letter to his mother, against "learning, and all such nonsense, which only served to blunt the affections and harden the heart."

"Admirable young man!" cried the mother, with tears in her eyes: "a good heart is better than all the heads in the world."

Amen!

CHAPTER X.

"*Arbaces.*—Why now you flatter.
Mardonius.—I never understood the word."

A King and no King.

Punctually at the appointed dinner hour, did Clarence find himself at the house of Lord Holdenworth. Two people only had yet arrived. The one was Mr. Trollolop, the other Lord Aspeden; Lady Holdenworth, a meek, mild, matronly woman, was sitting by the window, and his lordship standing, *à l'Anglais*, with his back to the grate, even though there was *no* fire from which to exclude the rest of the party.

In all houses, it was Clarence's great rule, for which he was indebted to the precepts of Talbot, to make friends with the mistress, cost what it might with the rest. Accordingly, he lost no time in paying his court to Lady Holdenworth, a person who, being neither young, handsome, nor greatly *à la mode*, was very little accustomed to such attention, and *par conséquence*, very easily pleased. Just as Clarence had succeeded in winning his way into the good graces of the Countess, the door was thrown open, and Lord Quintown entered. Then came another nobleman—then another—then a lady—then another—the party increased—the daylight waned—the number was completed—and the dinner began.

Lord Aspeden sat next to Madame de Crumenbach, one of the plumpest (plumpness is a beauty) women in all Austria, and wife of one of the thinnest men in the same empire. *Les*

extrêmes touchent ; below him, though not immediately, sat Clarence, and opposite to Clarence, Mr. Henry Trollolop, a person whom Callythorpe, rather humorously than (according to Cicero's and Berkeley's application of the epithet) justly, designated by the title of "The Minute Philosopher."

"Were you at Lady T.'s ball last night?" said Lord Aspeden to Madame Crumenbach, with his most insinuating air.

"Yes," replied Madame, in French, "what a charming ball it was!"

"Ah!" observed Lord Aspeden, inclining his face close to La Crumenbach, with the air of one going to make a charming remark, "I knew you would think so, you must be very *fond of dancing!*"

It was with the greatest difficulty poor Madame Crumenbach could descend the stairs; judge then of the peculiar appositeness of the

diplomatist's polite observation. Had she been accused of playing *la femme intriguante* with *Monsieur son Mari*, we do verily believe she would have been less displeased.

"Lord Aspeden," said the handsome Lord Quintown, "suffer me to take wine with you!"

What the diplomatist replied, escaped every ear but that for which it was intended; but, by the courtly bow and smile which accompanied his words, and the hurried look of discomfiture with which Quintown turned to renew his conversation with his next neighbour, we imagine that Lord Aspeden's answer was made with his usual happiness of expression.

Meanwhile, Clarence, without uttering a single compliment, was charming those around him with the grace of word and manner so peculiarly his own; and Mr. Trollolop, turning his back upon the lady to his right, was pouring

mysterious truths into the "human mind" of the gentleman on his left.

The dinner past—the dessert appeared—the Duchess of Cosmowell sat opposite to Lord Aspeden—she painted more systematically than any woman in London, since the death of Lady E——, who kept a "Repairer."

Lord Aspeden, who took every thing for *la belle nature*, and particularly admired a fine complexion, had long watched his opportunity. It came—he seized it.

"Your grace must allow me," said he, with his sweetest smile, "to send you a peach."

The duchess shook her head—(you may be sure it was very *gently*, "for gentle motions are required by art.")

"No! well, then," said Lord Aspeden, with a sentimental sigh, "I must take one for *your* sake."

"And why for my sake?" asked the duchess, smiling.

"Because," answered Lord Aspeden, with a profound bow, "it reminds me of your grace's complexion; for, as the dramatist has said—

> "'In her cheek the hues
> Were painted in the fashion of a peach.'"

The duchess drew back—and Lord Aspeden looked the picture of vanity at a dinner table, smiling on itself.

The ladies withdrew—O, that mystical ceremony!—the men drew nearer to each other; presently all was silence, and then the great deeps were broken up, and all was "the flow of soul." Sir John Seaford, a prodigious eater, and a particularly good fellow, found himself next to Lord Aspeden—

> "Mantua væ miseræ nimium Vicina Cremonæ."

Now, all the world knows that Sir John Seaford had, in 17—, one of the prettiest wives

possible. We say all the world knows, for it was not poor Lady Seaford's fault if all the world did not know it; and at that particular time, Mr. Tarleton, the Grammont of the day, flattered himself that he knew more about the matter than all the rest.

"A splendid woman, the Duchess of Cosmowell," said Lord Aspeden, emphatically, to Sir John.

"Humph! a miserable confiture this!" said the particularly good fellow.

"And what is more," resumed Lord Aspeden, with a confidential air, "I think she is very much like Lady Seaford."

"You do, do you, my Lord," said Sir John. "I will trouble you to pass the wine."

"I do declare," resumed the flattering diplomatist, "that Lady Seaford is the 'paragon' of London; and when I told Mr. Tarleton so, the other night, he said, very prettily, that then you

were the 'crescent;' meaning, I suppose, that you were always coupled together."

"My dear lord," cried Sir John, across the table, "just make room for me beside you. I have something to speak to you about." And the baronet rising with a most unwonted celerity, Lord Aspeden was "left alone in his glory."

"How rude some people are," said he to Clarence *sotto voce*. "It's only we of the corps diplomatique who know any thing *des petites mœurs et des grâces de la cour*."

Politics were now touched upon. A severe attack had been made on the administration about three nights ago, and Lord Quintown was a little sore on the subject.

"We must depend on your vote to-morrow night," said he to Lord Aspeden, "for it's absolutely necessary that we should muster strong, and set a *good face* on the matter."

"True, my lord," said Lord Aspeden, *en souriant aimablement*, "for Machiavel well observes, that 'a good face is thought the sign of a good conscience,' and I may therefore well say to your lordship in the beautiful lines of Pope:

"'That's *thy wall of brass*;
Compar'd to this a minister's an ass!'"

There was a general smile. Lord Aspeden smiled more than all the rest. It was the sweetest compliment he had ever paid, and two quotations into the bargain.

"Few people," said he, in a whisper to Clarence, "combine wit and learning: that union is reserved for us of the corps diplomatique."

But if Lord Aspeden had so well availed himself of *his* opportunities, his *attaché* had been no less on the alert. He had quoted Swift to a Whig who had ratted, and his own speeches to the handsome minister. He had talked without ceasing to the silent Mr. Mumford, and listened

without speaking, to the loquacious Earl of Chatterton. The party rose, and Clarence left the room first.

"What a wonderful young man!" said Lord Quintown.

"Wonderful!" said the Whig who had ratted.

"So modest," said Mr. Mumford.

"And so eloquent," added the Earl of Chatterton.

"He is indeed prodigiously clever," observed Lord Aspeden, "and very musical too. You must hear him play the flute."

"While his ambassador plays the fool," muttered Lord Quintown.

"*Chacun à son métier!*" answered Lord Holdenworth, who overheard him. "*Will your lordship join the ladies?*"

CHAPTER XI.

"What say you to the men of wit? I hope their conversation is of a higher degree in your esteem."

The Humours and Conversations of the Town.

"My dear Linden," said Mr. Trollolop (how the name glides off my pen), "this is unworthy a philosopher. We are both asked to Mrs. Mossop's—all the literati will be there. It is not yet too late—let us go. The human mind—"

"We *will* go!" interrupted Clarence.

They passed Lord Aspeden. He was whispering little melodies into the ear of the Duchess of Cosmowell. "To your Grace," said he, rais-

ing his voice, in order that the two young men might hear, to admire and to profit by his appropriate flattery—" to your Grace may indeed be applied the lines of our great poet—You are all

> " ' *That painting can express,*
> *Or* ——— ' "

The closing door shut out the concluding line from the ears of our adventurer and philosopher.

The Mrs. Mossop of that day was the Lydia of this. Is there a man of wit, taste, or notoriety in England, who has not heard of Lydia? If so, let him, for a punishment (the moral legislation of the present age punishes our misfortunes, not our faults), go and drink tea with Lady D——e. He will then know, by contrast, the value of Lydia. Poor Lydia! who among all thy friends mourns while he misses thee! But thou wast a philosopher in thy patience, and didst know the depth and breadth of all worldly friendships. Thou didst know that while the

tie lasts, there is union, and when death divides it, Forgetfulness flings the broken strings into her panniers, where all the loves, hatreds, hopes, and fears of our ancestors lie "with the things before the flood." How unjust are we in our selfishness, when we ask from our summer acquaintances that strength and fidelity of fondness which we find not in the loves, wherein we have built our shelter from the winds, and anchored our refuge in the storm! How often the *wounds of our vanity make the secret of our pathos.* We sigh because we grave no lasting character in the very hearts which, while we repine that they cannot bless us, we own that we cannot bless; and we breathe our mortifications into music, because the minions we despise are

> "None that with kindred consciousness endued,
> If we were not, would seem to smile the less."

Ah! happy, perhaps, for us, that our poetry decreases as our knowledge advances. Happy,

even though we regret the change, that the *over keenness* of the sword is blunted, that it gains in its strength what it loses in its edge, and is no longer too sharp for the sheath, and too brittle for resistance.

When Clarence and the "Minute Philosopher," arrived at Mrs. Mossop's, they found about a dozen people assembled. The lady herself reclined on a sofa, and was not the least animated of the party, nor altogether forgetful of the day, when she was more anxious for the distinction of the *belle* than the reputation of the *savante*.

The conversation turned upon painting. "Have you seen Sir Joshua's last picture?" said a Mr. Nettletop, usually termed Nose Nettletop, a great literary character, for he had seen the pyramids, contemplated answering Junius, wore a loose neckcloth, and had a nose, to which that of the stranger in Slawkenbergius's tale, was a snub.

"No," answered Trollolop, with contempt, for like all false pretenders to science, he affected to despise the arts. "No, such trifles I hold to be unworthy of the human mind!"

"And pray," said Lady Dryaden, who was a bit of a humourist, "do you so very highly estimate the human mind?"

"Estimate it, Madam!—by no means: we are only better than the brutes, because of our exterior organization."

"You do well to despise the fine arts, then," said Lady Dryaden.

"Sir Joshua," observed some one, sagely, "is a very tolerable painter."

"In the human mind," said Trollolop, taking snuff emphatically, and see-sawing himself to and fro in his chair—"in the human mind, we may resolve our original perceptions into particular principles of the human constitution—"

When, at that instant, the chair not being

accustomed to be see-sawed by a philosopher, gave way, and Mr. Trollolop fell with a sudden violence on the floor.

"It was a very heavy fall," cried Lady Dryaden, pityingly.

"It was a law of nature," said the philosopher, rising, and rubbing himself with tears in his eyes.

"The chair was in fault," observed Mrs. Mossop; "it is an easy chair."

"I should think, rather," said Nettletop, wisely, "that the floor was in fault; it is a hard floor."

"You are both mistaken," said Mr. Trollolop; 'my constitution was in fault: hardness and motion are particular principles of the human constitution."

"I cannot think so," said Nettletop, crossing his legs with the determined manner of one who is about to contest a point.

"You cannot think so!" cried the philosopher, who being still in pain, was naturally inclined to be testy; "then give me leave to tell you, Sir, that you violate one of the most sacred laws of Nature. In the human mind, Mr. Nettletop," (and here Trollolop looked round with a serious air)—"there is an original principle, implanted by the Supreme Being, to confide in the veracity of others, and to believe what they tell us?"

"How learned Mr. Trollolop is!" said a gentleman, more credulous than wise, to Mr. Perrivale

"Yes," growled the wit; "he is what Etherege calls 'a person of great acquired follies.'"

Clarence moved away towards another group: he was stopped by a gentleman, who appeared to him somewhat inspired by the rosy god: a very ludicrous air of self-importance sat upon a countenance, naturally a little pert, and somewhat insignificant. Walking on his tiptoes up

to Clarence, with whom he was very slightly acquainted, this gentleman said—"I congratulate you, I congratulate you heartily, Mr. Linden."

"Pardon me, Mr. Boswell, for what?"

"For what, Sir!" answered Mr. Boswell, elevating his eyebrows, "for what?—do you not see, Sir, that you are in the same room, nay, within a few feet of the Colossus of the Age? Do you not feel elated as it were—now that you are breathing the Johnsonian ethereality!"

"Is that indeed the celebrated Dr. Johnson?" said Clarence, looking towards a large and singular figure, in whom he recognized the truth of the usual description given of the great lexicographer.

"It is indeed, Sir!" said Mr. Boswell, staring at him, with eyes so ludicrously dilated, that Clarence could scarcely forbear laughing: "it is indeed. How do you feel, Sir? Somewhat awe-

stricken, eh! But never mind it. Had you, like me, the extreme happiness to be intimately acquainted with that illustrious sage, you would grow accustomed to the air of greatness—nay, you would partake of its nature. I will tell you a wonderful anecdote of my immortal friend. As we were driving the other day to Ashbourne, Dr. Johnson recommended me to drink water only; 'for,' said he, with his usual intelligence, and unrivalled profundity of observation—'for if you drink water only, you are sure never to get drunk; whereas if you drink wine, you are *never* sure!' "*

"Admirable, indeed!" said Clarence, drily. "I wonder you do not give such notable sayings to the world; it would be ten thousand pities, if in the existence of type and paper, the public were deprived of so much of the 'Johnsonian ethereality!' "

* Literally in Boswell's Life, Vol. III. p. 165.

"But the public shan't, Sir, it shan't," said Mr. Boswell, with great vivacity. "I have them all down in a book already."

"I suppose," said Clarence, "that I dare not venture to ask an introduction to your extraordinary friend."

"Why—yes, Sir! he is the most affable of beings—a little rough or so; may tell you, you are a knave or a fool; but he is really the gentlest of moralists. I will give you, Sir, a memorable instance. I thought I had had reason to complain of my illustrious friend, at a dinner party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, upon the 12th of April last; and some time afterwards I told him, he had been too hard upon me. 'Sir,' said the enlightened sage, 'you are an unnatural Scotchman, ignorant of your own interest. You resemble a drum, and it is only by being too hard upon you, that I can arouse you from your empty inanity into the distinction of

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWA

making a noise.' There was something truly dignified in this benevolent rebuke ; and it is the more remarkable, because it contains a sort of pun, a species of wit generally odious to my illustrious friend !"

"Good heavens!" thought Clarence in astonishment, "can any man be such a simpleton as to boast of being a butt." Poor Clarence! he knew not that it was reserved for Mr. Boswell to be the Dogberry of the age, and to feel proud "of writing himself an ass."

"But come, Sir," said Mr. Boswell, "I will just whisper your wish to my illustrious friend, and I do not doubt that he will render you happy for life, by suffering you to spend a few minutes, in listening to the profound wisdom of the great Dr. Johnson."

Clarence bowed ; the whisper was made ; an introduction took place; and Clarence, drawing a chair into the verge of the Johnsonian vicinity,

was, in the opinion of Mr. Boswell, rendered happy for life.

With the person who sat next to him Clarence was greatly struck. This was a stout and somewhat clumsily built man, tawdrily drest, and of rather an affected manner; but Clarence had already learnt, that great men are not altogether free from the peculiarities of little men, and did not, on account of a few innocent coxcombries, do as Mr. Boswell was inclined to do, and set down his neighbour as a fool; on the contrary, he imagined that he saw in a forehead remarkably high, and finely developed, and in an eye, which, while the rest of the countenance seemed supine and heavy, never relaxed in a quick, though half careless observation of all around—something not only contradicting the clownish stupidity usually supposed to characterize the air of the person in question, but strongly indicative of genius.

"Who is my neighbour to the right!" whispered Clarence to Boswell.

"Oh! only Goldy!" said Boswell, with a tone of indifferent contempt.

"Goldy," repeated Clarence; "who is he?"

"Why, Sir, he is the author of the 'Traveller,' and the 'History of England,' and some other very ingenious pieces."

"What! is that the great Goldsmith, the first poet, comic writer, and novelist (without the most distant comparison) of the day?" said Clarence, in surprise that Mr. Boswell, having so much admiration for the author of the 'Rambler,' and 'London,' had none for the author of the 'Traveller' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

"The same, Sir," said Boswell, blowing his nose.

"He does not like the great Johnson to call

him Goldy, though that illustrious personage calls even *me* Bozzy."

"You surprise me!" said Clarence.

"Hist," said Boswell! "the doctor is about to speak."

And Clarence listened, and was indeed delighted and surprised. The doctor was a little excited by a home thrust from Beauclerk, (who, secure in the courage and ready wit of a man who had made his intellect live for the world, appears to have been the boldest of Johnson's coterie), and excited into warmth without reaching rudeness, his eloquence rioted in one of its happiest and most luxuriant displays.

After a speech, rather of oratorical than conversational length, Johnson concluded by observing, that "Truth, requiring unwearied solicitation, frequently yielded to the modesty of patience, what she had denied to the arrogance of wisdom or the impetuosity of genius."

" Then," said Goldsmith—who had for some time been in vain endeavouring to speak, and who now retaliated by a reproof joined to a compliment—" then, doctor, the lady is more likely to favour your listeners than yourself."

" Sir," said Doctor Johnson, " you are politely uncivil !"

" What a pity," said Mr. Boswell, with an air of contemptuous superiority, " what a pity that poor Goldy should attempt to shine !"*

And forthwith Mr. Boswell blazed off in an harangue.

" Bozzy," said the doctor, with a paternal air, interrupting his disciple in a most luminous period—" Bozzy, you certainly exhibit a singular ostentation of colloquial volubility."

The delighted Laird of Auchinleck bowed.

" Such praise from the illustrious Johnson is

* A very common complaint with Mr. Boswell. See his Life of Johnson.

more valuable than degrees from all the universities of Europe."

"Why, yes, Sir!" resumed the sage, more gravely; "your talk is to your intellect what extravagance is to poverty: the nakedness of the reality is not concealed by the glitter of the shew; and while the spendthrift imagines he is attracting applause, by his profusion, he is exciting only ridicule for his pretensions, or compassion for his folly."

"What a pity poor Bozzy should attempt to shine," said Beauclerk, drily; and the doctor rising with a chuckle, the groupe was broken up.

Clarence lounged away, and found himself by Trollolop.

"The human mind," said the would-be metaphysician, "I think I have now proved to your satisfaction, is a substance, unextended and indivisible; *and, consequently*, a mere bundle of ideas. It is, you perceive, incapable of

attaining above a certain pitch, and is therefore enabled to arrive at the highest perfection; and, consequently, before many centuries are past, all the world will be philosophers, and as nothing exists to a philosopher, the philosophers will be all the world!"

"I understand you, then," said Lady Dryaden. "In a few centuries, as there will be nothing but philosophers, who are nothing, every thing will be nothing."

"Clearly so?" said Trollolop, taking snuff.

"What a fine thing for philosophers!" cried Lady Dryaden.

"By no means," said Nollekins, gravely; "for when they have reduced every thing *into* nothing, they will only fall to work again, and make every thing *out of* nothing!"

CHAPTER XII.

"Make way, Sir Geoffrey Peveril, or you will compel me to do that I may be sorry for!"

"You shall make no way here but at your peril," said Sir Geoffrey; "this is my ground."

Peveril of the Peak.

When Clarence left Mrs. Mossop's house, why, instead of returning home like a rational man, did he go exactly in the opposite direction? Because, my dear reader, in Hanover-square lived Lady Westborough, and it was Clarence's nightly custom to watch at a certain hour beneath the windows of that house which held the lady of his love, until he had caught one glimpse of her form, or sometimes, for she ap-

preciated the gallantry, though she reproached the indiscretion, till he received some token in return—a look, a gesture, a flower, dropped from the window, or a kiss of the hand, committed to the heraldry of the air.

It was a beautiful still night, and the stars looked out upon the deserted streets, making even cities holy. Clarence walked on, calmly and musingly, yielding himself up to the mellow and tender melancholy which such nights instil into all hearts, not like ours, grown too chilled and stubborn for romance. When he came to the house, all was silent; the shutters were closed, and the lights veiled. With a sickening and disappointed heart, he turned away.

As he entered George-street, he observed a man before him walking with an uneven and agitated step. His right hand was clenched, and he frequently raised it as with a sudden impulse, and struck fiercely as if at some imagined

enemy. He is one of the magazine poets, thought Clarence, or possibly the laureate himself.

The stranger slackened his pace. Clarence passed him, and turning round to satisfy a curiosity, which his supposition had inspired, his eye met a dark, lowering, iron countenance, which, despite the lapse of four years, he recognized on the moment; it was Wolfe, the republican.

Clarence moved, involuntarily, with a quicker step; but in a few minutes, Wolfe, who was vehemently talking to himself, once more passed him: the direction he took was also Clarence's way homeward, and he therefore followed the republican, though at some slight distance, and on the opposite side of the way. A gentleman on foot, apparently returning from a party, met Wolfe, and with an air, half haughty, half unconscious, took the wall; though accord-

ing to old fashioned rules of street courtesy, he was on the wrong side for asserting the claim. The stern republican started, drew himself up to his full height, which was much superior to that of the stranger, and sturdily and doggedly placed himself directly in the way of the unjust claimant. Clarence was now nearly opposite to the two, and saw all that was going on.

With a motion, a little rude and very contemptuous, the passenger attempted to put Wolfe aside and win his path. Little did he know of the unyielding nature he had to do with; the next instant, the republican, with a strong hand, forced him from the pavement into the very kennel, and silently and coldly continued his way.

The wrath of the discomfited passenger was vehemently kindled.

"Insolent dog!" cried he in a loud and arrogant tone, "your baseness is your protection."

Wolfe turned rapidly, and made but two strides before he was once more by the side of his defeated opponent.

"What were you pleased to observe?" said he, in his low, deep, hoarse voice.

Clarence stopped. There will be mischief done here, thought he, as he called to mind the stern temper of the republican.

"Merely," said the other, struggling with his rage, "that it is not for men of my rank to avenge the insults offered us by those of yours!"

"Your rank," said Wolfe, bitterly retorting the contempt of the stranger, in a tone of the loftiest disdain; "your rank, poor changeling! And what are you, that you should lord it over me? Are your limbs stronger? your muscles firmer? your proportions juster? or, if you disclaim physical comparisons, are your mental faculties of a higher order than his who now

mocks at your pretensions, and challenges you to prove them? Are the treasures of science expanded to your view? Are you lord of the elysium of poetry, or the thunderbolts of eloquence? Have you wit to illumine, or judgment to combine, or energy to controul? or are you, what in reality you appear, dwindled and stunted in the fair size and sinews of manhood—overbearing, yet impotent—tyrannical, yet ridiculous? Fool! fool!—(and here Wolfe's voice rose, and his dark countenance changed its expression of mockery into fierceness)—go home, and revenge yourself on your slaves, for the reproof you have drawn down upon yourself! Go!—goad! gall! trample!—the more you grind your minions now, the more terrible will be their retribution hereafter; excite them beyond endurance, with your weak and frivolous despotisms, the debauched and hideous abortions of a sickly and unnatural state of civili-

zation! Go! every insult, every oppression, you heap on those whom God has subjected to your hand, but accelerates the day of their emancipation—but files away, link by link, the iron of their bondage—but sharpens the sword of justice, which, in the first wrath of an incensed and awakened people, becomes also for their conquered oppressors the weapon of revenge!"

The republican ceased, and pushing the stranger aside, turned slowly away. But this last insult enraged the passenger (who, during the whole of the reformer's harangue, had been almost foaming with passion) beyond all prudence. Before Wolfe had proceeded two paces, he muttered a desperate, but brief oath, and struck the reformer with a strength so much beyond what his slight and small figure appeared to possess, that the powerful and gaunt frame of Wolfe recoiled backward several steps,

and had it not been for the iron railing of the neighbouring area, would have fallen to the ground.

Clarence pressed forward; the face of the rash aggressor was turned towards him; the features were Lord Borodaile's. He had scarcely time to make this discovery, before Wolfe had recovered himself. With a wild and savage cry, rather than exclamation, he threw himself upon his antagonist, twined his sinewy arms round the frame of the struggling but powerless nobleman, raised him in the air, with the easy strength of a man lifting a child, held him aloof for one moment, with a bitter, and scornful laugh of wrathful derision, and then dashed him to the ground, and, planting his foot upon Borodaile's breast, said—

"So shall it be with all of you: there shall be but one instant between your last offence and your first but final debasement. Lie there; it

is your proper place! By the only law which you yourself acknowledge, the law which gives the right divine to the strongest, if you stir limb or muscle, I will crush the breath from your body."

But Clarence was now by the side of Wolfe, a new and more powerful opponent.

"Look you," said he: "you have received an insult, and you have done yourself justice. I condemn the offence, and quarrel not with you for the punishment; but that punishment is now past, remove your foot, or—"

"What?" shouted Wolfe, fiercely, every vein in his countenance swelling, and his lurid and vindictive eye, from its black and shaggy brow, flashing with the released fire of long-pent and cherished passions.

"Or," answered Clarence, calmly, "I will hinder you from committing murder."

At that instant, the watchman's voice was

heard, and the night's guardian himself was seen hastening from the far end of the street, towards the place of contest. Whether this circumstance, or Clarence's answer, somewhat changed the current of the republican's thoughts, or whether his anger, suddenly raised, was now as suddenly subsiding, we know not; but he slowly and deliberately moved his foot from the breast of his baffled foe, and, bending down, seemed endeavouring to ascertain the mischief he had done. Lord Borodaile was perfectly insensible.

"You have killed him!" cried Clarence, in a voice of horror, "but you shall not escape;" and he placed a desperate and nervous hand on the republican.

"Stand off," said Wolfe, "my blood is up! I would not do more violence to-night than I have done. Stand off! the man moves; his hour is not yet come."

And Lord Borodaile uttering a long sigh and attempting to rise, Clarence released his hold of the republican, and bent down to assist the fallen nobleman. Meanwhile, Wolfe, muttering to himself, turned from the spot, and strode haughtily away.

The watchman now came up, and, with his aid, Clarence raised Lord Borodaile. Bruised, stunned, half insensible as he was, that personage lost none of his characteristic stateliness; he shook off the watchman's arm, as if there was contamination in the touch; and his countenance, still menacing and defying in its expression, turned abruptly towards Clarence as if he yet expected to meet and struggle with a foe.

"How are you, my lord?" said Linden, "not severely hurt, I trust?"

"Well—quite well," cried Borodaile. "Mr. Linden, I think?—I thank you cordially for

your assistance; but the dog—the rascal—where is he?"

"Gone," said Clarence.

"Gone! Where—where?" cried Borodaile; "that living man should insult me, and yet escape!"

"Which way did the fellow go?" said the watchman, anticipative of half a crown. "I will run after him in a trice, your honour—*I* warrant I nab him.

"No—no—" said Borodaile proudly, yet generously. "I leave my quarrels to no man: if I could not master him myself, no one else shall do it for me. Mr. Linden, excuse me, but I am perfectly recovered, and can walk very well without your polite assistance. Mr. Watchman, I am obliged to you: there is a guinea to reward your trouble."

With these words, intended as a farewell, the *fier* patrician, smothering his pain, bowed with

extreme courtesy to Clarence—again thanked him, and walked on unaided, and alone.

"He is a game blood," said the watchman, pocketing the guinea.

"He is worthy his name," thought Clarence; "though he was in the wrong—my heart yearns to him."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Things wear a vizard which I think to like not."

Tanner of Tyburn.

Clarence from that night appeared to have formed a sudden attachment to Lord Borodaile. He took every opportunity of cultivating his intimacy, and invariably treated him with a degree of consideration, which his knowledge of the world told him was well calculated to gain the good will of his haughty and arrogant acquaintance; but all this was ineffectual in conquering Borodaile's coldness and reserve. To have been once seen in a humiliating and

degrading situation is quite sufficient to make a proud man hate the spectator, and with the confusion of all prejudiced minds to transfer the sore remembrance of the event to the association of the witness. Lord Borodaile, though always ceremoniously civil, was immoveably distant, and avoided as well as he was able Clarence's insinuating approaches and address. To add to his indisposition to increase his acquaintance with Linden, a friend of his, a captain in the Guards, once asked him who that Mr. Linden was? and, on his lordship's replying that he did not know, Mr. Percy Bobus, the son of a wine merchant, though the nephew of a duke, rejoined, "Nobody *does* know."

"Insolent intruder!" thought Lord Borodaile: "a man whom nobody knows to make such advances to *me!*"

A still greater cause of dislike to Clarence arose from jealousy. Ever since the first night

of his acquaintance with Lady Flora, Lord Borodaile had paid her unceasing attention. In good earnest, he was greatly struck by her beauty, and had for the last year been thinking of the necessity of presenting the world with a Lady Borodaile. Now, though his lordship did look upon himself in as favourable a light as a man well can do, yet he could not but own, that Clarence *was* very handsome—had a devilish gentlemanlike air—talked with a better grace than the generality of young men, and danced to perfection. "I detest that fellow!" said Lord Borodaile, involuntarily and aloud, as these unwilling truths forced themselves upon his mind.

"Whom do you detest?" asked Mr. Percy Bobus, who was lying on the sofa, in Lord Borodaile's drawing room, and admiring a pair of red-heeled shoes which decorated his feet.

"That puppy, Linden!" said Lord Borodaile, adjusting his cravat.

"He *is* a deuced puppy certainly!" rejoined Mr. Percy Bobus, turning round in order to contemplate more exactly the shape of his right shoe. "I can't bear conceit, Borodaile."

"Nor I—I abhor it—it is so d——d disgusting!" replied Lord Borodaile, leaning his chin upon his two hands, and looking full into the glass, "do you use Mac Neil's divine pomatum?"

"No, it's too hard; I get mine from Paris; shall I send you some?"

"Do," said Lord Borodaile.

"Mr. Linden, my lord," said the servant, throwing open the door; and Clarence entered.

"I am very fortunate," said he, with that smile, which so few ever resisted, "to find you at home, Lord Borodaile; but as the day was

wet, I thought I should have some chance of that pleasure; I therefore wrapped myself up in my roquelaire, and *me voici!*"

Now, nothing could be more diplomatic than the compliment of choosing a wet day for a visit, and exposing one's-self to "the pitiless shower," for the greater probability of finding the visited at home. Not so thought Lord Borodaile; he drew himself up, bowed very solemnly, and said, with cold gravity,

"You are very obliging, *Mr.* Linden."

Clarence coloured, and bit his lip as he seated himself. Mr. Percy Bobus, with true insular breeding, took up the newspaper.

"I think I saw you at Lady C.'s last night," said Clarence; "did you stay there long?"

"No, indeed," answered Borodaile; "I hate her parties."

"One *does* meet such odd people there,"

observed Mr. Percy Bobus; "creatures one never sees any where else."

"I hear," said Clarence, who never abused any one, even the givers of stupid parties, if he could help it, and therefore thought it best to change the conversation—"I hear, Lord Borodaile, that some hunters of yours are to be sold. I purpose being a bidder for Thunderbolt."

"I have a horse to sell you, Mr. Linden," cried Mr. Percy Bobus, springing from the sofa into civility, "a superb creature."

"Thank you," said Clarence, laughing; "but I can only afford to buy *one*, and I have taken a great fancy to Thunderbolt."

Lord Borodaile, whose manners were very antiquated in their affability, bowed. Mr. Bobus sunk back into his sofa, and resumed the paper.

A pause ensued. Clarence was chilled in

spite of himself. Lord Borodaile played with a paper cutter.

"Have you been to Lady Westborough's lately?" said Clarence, breaking silence.

"I was there last night," replied Lord Borodaile.

"Indeed!" cried Clarence. "I wonder I did not see you there, for I dined with them."

Lord Borodaile's hair curled of itself. "*He* dined there, and I only asked in the evening," thought he; but his sarcastic temper suggested a very different reply.

"Ah," said he, elevating his eye-brows, "Lady Westborough told me she had had some people to dinner, whom she had been *obliged* to ask. Bobus, is that the Public Advertiser? See whether that d——d fellow Junius has been writing any more of his stupid letters."

Clarence was not a man apt to take offence,

but he felt his bile rise: it will not do to shew it, thought he; so he made some farther remark in a jesting vein; and, after a very ill sustained conversation of some minutes longer, rose, apparently in the best humour possible, and departed, with a solemn intention never again to enter the house. From thence he went to Lady Westborough's.

The marchioness was in her boudoir: Clarence was as usual admitted, for Lady Westborough loved amusement above all things in the world, and Clarence had the art of affording it better than any young man of her acquaintance. On entering, he saw Lady Flora hastily retreating through an opposite door. She turned her face towards him for one moment—that moment was sufficient to freeze his blood; the large tears were rolling down her cheeks, which were as white as death, and the expression of those

features, usually so laughing and joyous, was that of utter and ineffable despair.

Lady Westborough was as lively, as bland, and as wooing as ever; but Clarence thought he detected something restrained and embarrassed lurking beneath all the graces of her exterior manner; and the single glance he had caught of the pale and altered face of Lady Flora, was not calculated to re-assure his mind or animate his spirits. His visit was short; when he left the room, he lingered for a few moments in the anti-chamber, in the hope of again seeing Lady Flora. While thus loitering, his ear caught the sound of Lady Westborough's voice: "When Mr. Linden calls again, you have my orders never to admit him into this room; he will be shewn into the drawing-room."

With a hasty step and a burning cheek Clarence quittedthe house, and hurried, first to

his solitary apartments, and thence (like all men under the fever of excitement, impatient of loneliness) to the peaceful retreat of his benefactor.

CHAPTER XIV.

"A maiden's thoughts do check my trembling hand."
DRAYTON.

THERE is something very delightful in turning from the unquietness and agitation, the fever, the ambition, the harsh and worldly realities of man's character, to the gentle and deep recesses of woman's more secret heart. Within her musings is a realm of haunted and fairy thought, to which the things of this turbid and troubled life have no entrance. What to her are the changes of state, the rivalries and con-

tentions which form the staple of *our* existence? For her there is an intense and fond philosophy, before whose eye substances flit and fade like shadows, and shadows grow glowingly into truth. Her soul's creations are not as the moving and mortal images seen in the common day: they are things, like spirits steeped in the dim moonlight, heard when all else are still, and busy when earth's labourers are at rest! They are

> "Such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and their little life
> Is rounded by a sleep."

Her's is the real and uncentered *poetry of being*, which pervades and surrounds her as with an air, which peoples her visions and animates her love, which shrinks from earth into itself, and finds marvel and meditation in all that it beholds within, and which spreads even over the heaven in whose faith she so ardently believes the mystery and the tenderness of romance.

LETTER THE FIRST FROM LADY FLORA ARDENNE TO MISS ELEANOR TREVANION.

"You say that I have not written to you so punctually of late as I used to do before I came to London, and you impute my negligence to the gaieties and pleasures by which I am surrounded. *Eh bien!* my dear Eleanor, could you have thought of a better excuse for me? You know how fond *we*—ay dearest, you as well as I—used to be of dancing, and how earnestly we were wont to anticipate those children's balls at my uncle's, which were the only ones we were ever permitted to attend. I found a stick the other day on which I had cut seven notches, significant of seven days more to the next ball—we reckoned time by balls then, and danced chronologically. Well, my dear Eleanor, here I am

now, brought out, tolerably well behaved, only not dignified enough, according to mamma—as fond of laughing, talking, and dancing as ever; and yet, do you know, a ball, though still very delightful, is far from being the most important event in creation; its anticipation does not keep me awake of a night; and, what is more to the purpose, its recollection does not make me shut up my inkstand, burn my *portfeuille*, and forget you, all of which you seem to imagine it has been able to effect.

"No, dearest Eleanor, you are mistaken; for were she twice as giddy, and ten times as volatile as she is, your own Flora could never, never forget you, nor the happy hours we have spent together, nor the pretty goldfinches we had in common, nor the little Scotch duets we used to sing together, nor our longings to change them into Italian, nor our disappointment when we did so, nor our laughter at Signior Shriekalini, nor

our tears when poor darling Bijou died. And do you remember, dearest, the charming green lawn where we used to play together, and plan tricks for your governess? She was very, very cross, though, I think, we were a little to blame too. However, I was much the worst! And pray, Eleanor, don't you remember how we used to like being called pretty, and told of the conquests we should make? Do you like all that now? For my part, I am tired of it, at least from the generality of one's flatterers.

"Ah! Eleanor, or heigho! as the young ladies in novels write, do you remember how jealous I was of you at ——, and how spiteful I was, and how you were an angel, and bore with me, and kissed me, and told me that—that I had nothing to fear? Well, Clar—, I mean Mr. Linden is now in town, and so popular and so admired! I wish we were at —— again, for there we saw him every day, and now we don't

meet more than three times a week; and though I like hearing him praised above all things, yet I feel very uncomfortable when that praise comes from very, very pretty women. I wish we were at —— again! Mamma, who is looking more beautiful than ever, is very kind; she says nothing, to be sure, but she must see how—that is to say—she must know that—that I—I mean that Clarence is very attentive to me, and that I blush and look exceedingly silly whenever he is; and therefore I suppose that whenever Clarence thinks fit to ask me, I shall not be under the necessity of getting up at six o'clock, and travelling to Gretna Green, through that odious North road, up the Highgate Hill, and over Finchley Common.

"'But when will he ask you?' My dearest Eleanor, that is more than I can say. To tell you the truth, there is something about Linden which I cannot thoroughly understand. They say he

is nephew and heir to the Mr. Talbot, whom you may have heard Papa talk of as the *chevalier le plus à la mode* in his day; but if so, why the hints, the insinuations, of not being what he seems, which Clarence perpetually throws out, and which only excite my interest without gratifying my curiosity? 'It is not,' he has said, more than once, 'as an obscure adventurer that I will claim your love;' and if I venture, which is very seldom (for, *pour dire vrai*, I am a little afraid of him), to question his meaning, he either sinks into utter silence, for which, if I had loved *according to book*, and not so naturally, I should be very angry with him, or twists his words into another signification, such as that he would not claim me till he had become something higher and nobler than he is now. Alas, my dear Eleanor, it takes a long time to make an ambassador out of an *attaché*.

"See now if you reproached me justly with

scanty correspondences. If I write a line more, I must begin a new sheet, and that will be beyond the power of a frank—a thing which would, I know, break the heart of your dear, good, generous, but a little too prudent aunt, and irrevocably ruin me in her esteem. So God bless you, dearest Eleanor, and believe me most affectionately yours,

"Flora Ardenne."

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Pray, dearest Eleanor, does that good aunt of yours—now, don't frown, I am not going to speak disrespectfully of her—ever take a liking to young gentlemen whom you detest, and insist upon the fallacy of your opinion, and the

unerring rectitude of hers? If so, you can pity and comprehend my grief. Mamma has formed quite an attachment to such a disagreeable person. He is Lord Borodaile, the eldest, and, I believe, the only son of Lord Ulswater. Perhaps you may have met him abroad, for he has been a great traveller; his family is among the most ancient in England, and his father's estate covers half a county. All this mamma tells me, with the most earnest air in the world, whenever I declaim upon his impertinence or *disagreeability*—(is there such a word? there ought to be.) 'Well,' said I to-day, 'what's that to me?' 'It may be a great deal to you,' replied mamma, significantly, and the blood rushed from my face to my heart. She could not, Eleanor, she could not mean, after all her kindness to Clarence, and in spite of all her penetration into my heart—Oh, no, no—she could not. How terribly suspicious this love makes one!"

"But if I disliked Lord Borodaile at first, I have hated him of late; for, some how or other, he is always in the way. If I see Clarence hastening through the crowd to ask me to dance, at that very instant, up steps Lord Borodaile, with his cold, changeless face, and his haughty, old fashioned bow, and his abominable dark complexion—and mamma smiles—and he hopes he finds me disengaged—and I am hurried off—and poor Clarence looks so disappointed and so wretched! You have no idea how ill-tempered this makes me. I could not help asking Lord Borodaile, yesterday, if he was *never* going abroad again, and the hateful creature played with his cravat, and answered 'Never!' I was in hopes that my sullenness would drive his lordship away, *tout au contraire*; 'Nothing,' said he to me, the other day, when I was in full pout, 'Nothing is so plebeian as good humour! Patrician blood is always in a ferment!'"

"I wish, then, Eleanor, that he could see your governess; she must be majesty itself in his eyes.

"Ah, dearest, how we belie ourselves. At this moment, when you might think, from the idle rattling, silly flow of my letter, that my heart was as light and free as it was when we used to play on the green lawn, and under the sunny trees in the merry days of our childhood, the tears are running down my cheeks; see where they have fallen on the page, and my head throbs as if my thoughts were too full and heavy for it to contain. It is past one! I am alone, and in my own room. Mamma is gone to a rout at H—— House; but I knew I should not meet Clarence there, and so I said I was ill, and remained at home. I have done so often of late, whenever I learnt from *him* that he was not going to the same place as mamma. Indeed, I love much better to sit alone and think over his

words and looks; and I have drawn, after repeated attempts, a profile likeness of him; and Oh, Eleanor, I cannot tell you how dear it is to me; and yet there is not a line, not a look of his countenance which I have not learnt by heart, without such useless aids to my memory. But I am ashamed of telling you all this, and my eyes ache so, that I can write no more.

"Ever, as ever, dearest Eleanor, your affectionate friend."

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Eleanor, I am undone! My mother—my mother has been so cruel; but she cannot, she cannot intend it, or she knows very little of my heart. With some, ties may be as easily broken

as formed; with others they are twined around life itself.

Clarence dined with us yesterday, and was unusually animated and agreeable. He was engaged on business with Lord Aspeden afterwards, and left us early. We had a few people in the evening; Lord Borodaile among the rest; and my mother spoke of Clarence, and his relationship to, and expectations from Mr. Talbot. Lord Borodaile sneered: 'you are mistaken,' said he, sarcastically; 'Mr. Linden may feel it convenient to give out that he is related to so old a family as the Talbots; and since God only knows who or what he is, he may as well claim alliance with one person as another; but he is certainly not the nephew of Mr. Talbot of Scarsdale Park, for that gentleman had no sisters, and but one brother, who left an only daughter, that daughter had also but one child, certainly no relation to Mr. Linden. I can vouch for the truth

of this statement; for the Talbots are related to, or at least nearly connected with, myself; and I thank Heaven that I have a pedigree, even in its collateral branches, worth learning by heart.' And then Lord Borodaile — I little thought, when I railed against him, what serious cause I should have to hate him—turned to me, and harassed me with his tedious attentions the whole of the evening.

"This morning mamma sent for me into her boudoir. 'I have observed,' said she, with the greatest indifference, 'that Mr. Linden has, *of late*, been much too particular in his manner towards you—your foolish and undue familiarity with every one, has perhaps given him encouragement. After the gross imposition which Lord Borodaile exposed to us last night, I cannot but consider the young man as a mere adventurer, and must not only insist on your

putting a total termination to civilities, which we must henceforth consider presumption, but I myself shall conceive it incumbent upon me greatly to limit the advances he has thought proper to make towards my acquaintance.'

"You may guess how thunderstruck I was by this speech. I could not answer; my tongue literally clove to my mouth, and I was only relieved by a sudden and violent burst of tears. Mamma looked exceedingly displeased, and was just going to speak, when the servant threw open the door, and announced Mr. Linden. I rose hastily, and had only just time to escape, as he entered; but when I heard that dear, dear voice, I could not resist turning for one moment. He saw me—and was struck mute, for the agony of my soul was stamped visibly on my countenance. That moment was over—with a violent effort I tore myself away.

"Eleanor, I can now write no more. God bless you! and *me* too—for I am very, very unhappy.,

"F. A."

We have given thee, reader, these three letters, partly to unfold more accurately the playful and infantine, but tender and feeling, character of their writer, and partly to explain and illustrate the late incidents in our tale.

Adjourn we now to our unfortunate lover.

CHAPTER XV.

"What a charming character is a kind old man."
STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

"CHEER up, my dear boy," said Talbot, kindly, "we must never despair. What though Lady Westborough has forbidden you the *boudoir*, a *boudoir* is a very different thing from a daughter, and you have no right to suppose that the veto extends to both. But now that we are on this subject, do let me reason with you seriously. Have you not already tasted all the pleasures and been sufficiently annoyed by some of the

pains of acting the 'Incognito?' Be ruled by me: resume your proper name; though not coupled with titular rank, or set off with fortune, it is at least one which the proudest might acknowledge; and its discovery will remove the greatest obstacle to the success which you so ardently desire."

Clarence, who was labouring under strong excitement, paused for some moments, as if to collect himself, before he replied: "I have been thrust from my father's home—I have been made the victim of another's crime—I have been denied the rights and the name of son; perhaps—(and I say this bitterly)—justly denied them, despite of my own innocence. What would you have me do? Resume a name never conceded to me—perhaps not righteously mine—thrust myself upon the unwilling and shrinking hands, which disowned and rejected me—blazon my virtues by pretensions which I myself have

promised to forego, and foist myself on the notice of strangers by the very claims which my nearest relations dispute? Never—never—never! With the simple name I have assumed—the friend I myself have won—you, my generous benefactor, my real father, who never forsook, nor insulted me for my misfortunes—with these, I have gained some steps in the ladder; with these, and those gifts of nature, a stout heart, and a willing hand, of which none can rob me, I will either ascend the rest, even to the summit, or fall to the dust, unknown, but not contemned; unlamented, but not despised."

"Well, well," said Talbot, brushing away a tear which he could not deny to the feeling, even while he disputed the judgment of the young adventurer—"well, this is all very fine and very foolish; but you shall never want friend or father while I live, or when I have ceased to live; but come—sit down, share my

dinner, which is not very good, and my dessert, which is: help me to entertain two or three guests who are coming to me in the evening to talk on literature, sup, and sleep; and to-morrow you shall return home, and see Lady Flora in the drawing-room, if you cannot in the *boudoir*."

And Clarence was easily persuaded to accept the invitation.

Talbot was not of those men who are forced to exert themselves to be entertaining. He had the pleasant and easy way of imparting his great general and curious information, that a man, partly humorist, partly philosopher, who values himself on being *l'homme de lettres*, and is despite of himself *l'homme du monde*, always ought to possess. Clarence was soon beguiled from the remembrance of his mortifications, and, by little and little, entirely yielded to the airy and happy flow of Talbot's conversation.

Who shall say that there is no wisdom in inculcating external address, no virtue in the excellence of manner, no merit due to the invisible but mighty arts, which, more than folios on morality, increase our happiness or soften our griefs? Who shall say that the writer, who above all has contributed to this end, is only the preacher of dissimulation and deceit? that Chesterfield has not been almost equally misinterpreted by the ignorant and abused by the vulgar, as the great names of Epicurus and Helvetius? and that the man whom we have been taught to condemn as the hypocritical minion of the world, ought not rather to be venerated as the philosopher of benevolence, and the expounder of its more subtle, yet more customary laws?*

* This observation, which we confess looks a little like rhapsody, requires more detailed proof than would find a fitting place in these volumes. A very attentive consideration of the life and letters of Lord Chesterfield has, however, so strongly possessed us with the belief that the character of both, especially the latter, has been misunderstood, that we shall take an early

In the evening, three or four men of literary eminence (as many as Talbot's small Tusculum could accommodate with beds) arrived, and in a conversation, free alike from the jargon of pedants and the insipidities of *ton*, the night fled away swiftly and happily, even to the lover.

opportunity, in some work more adapted than this to that purpose, of expressing at large the grounds of our opinion. If there is one literary pleasure better than fame, it is the attempting to do justice to a great man.

CHAPTER XVI.

"We are here (in the country) among the vast and noble scenes of nature; we are there (in the town) among the pitiful shifts of policy. We walk here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty—we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice: our senses are here feasted with all the clear and genuine taste of their objects, which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries: here pleasure, methinks, looks like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot."

COWLEY.

LUCRETIUS has said beautifully, in the most hacknied passage of his poem, that there is nothing sweeter than to behold afar, from the quiet and safe temples of philosophy, the great crowd rolling below, wandering, confused, erring,

seeking to and fro the *viam vitæ*, wasting days and nights in the laborious pursuit of wealth and honour, and in the vague hope to enjoy them when possessed.*

Here, as at the hush of night, I lay aside the masterpieces of human invention, and recur to these idle and worthless pages; (how far short of the vague dreams of future excellence which the enthusiasm of boyhood kindled and conceived!) Here, amid the trees waving before my windows in the air of the solemn night, which breathes wild and fresh from the recesses of many woods, and over the free grass of the untilled and unpeopled wastes which surround my home—here, as the dim fire struggles (like

* Voltaire, so generally wrong when he asserts a fact, is sometimes wonderfully in the right when he impeaches an opinion. There is a very acute commentary upon this passage in Lucretius, to be found in the "Dictionnaire Philosophique," article 'Curiosité.' Voltaire's interpretation of the causes of our pleasure at the distresses from which we are exempt, is both better and more benevolent than the literal sense of Lucretius.

our own pent and restless spirit) upward from the mass which clogs, and amid the vapour which curls around it, and my lone lamp casts its light on walls covered with the breathing canvass, relics or copies of no ignoble hands, and on the greater treasures which knowledge has condensed into few volumes, matter for incalculable thought—here, when I recal my remembrances of the world beyond

> "That great sea, whose ebb and flow
> At once is deaf and loud,"

and sit me down to weave them into a worldly tale, there comes over me a gentle, but deep delight,

> "Like babbling gossips, safe—who hear the war
> Of winds, and sigh—but tremble not."

I look upon the past as on a different existence from that which I now hold—an existence wherein all ill passions and feverish desires,

concentred in one narrow space, found no outlet, and preyed upon themselves. I know not if my life has been more romantic than that of others; but no fiction that I have ever dreamed of seems to me so strange as the realities I have undergone. But these are sunk into the depths of time;

> "And sand filled up the palaces of old."

The waters of life flow onward, in a tide so still, so utterly unbroken, that the very heaven and earth, which are their solitary witness, appear changed from what they were. I sometimes ask my heart for its old ambition, its thirst for pleasure, its craving of enterprise and action, the very melancholy which it once breathed in from all around it, like an air—I ask my heart, but receive no answer: the thousand voices, formerly so loud, are mute; the ancient race of Thought are no more; they

have left but a single successor, and its name is "Peace."

I smile when I think my young desires of fame are sunk into these pages; and wonder that with the smile is mingled no sigh of regret. But the world is not to me what it has been, and "in the hollowness of common praise there is no longer music." I feel a pleasure even in that thought of oblivion, which once to me seemed the bitterest of pangs—a pleasure, to think that envy, rancour, hatred, will not even have a name to which to cling. None on this earth—not even thou, in whose deep and earnest eyes the love which surpasses thought keeps its unceasing watch—none have pierced the mysteries of my heart—nor shall they! In that temple there is one sanctuary which no human thing shall know. There are some who have loved to find in the beings of romance, a channel, through which to pour the secrets of their own

nature, and have modelled their creations from themselves. To me it has been an aim to shun the ideal fellowship they have sought, and a pleasure to recognize, in the shadows I have called to life, no single congeniality to myself. What triumph to vanity could atone for the sacrifice of pride? Or what is there in the gloom of secrecy to compare with the torment of disclosure? Who that has felt the sanctity of hoarded thought—the reverence, brooding over an eventful but buried past—would bare to the curious crowd, the graves of years, the tombs on which Solitude and Nature have kept watch like angels? Who would "enfeoff to popularity" the shrinking and vestal mind; or render hacknied to the eyes of men the unviolated altars which, in night and loneliness, have been hushed beneath the influence of God?

These digressions and egotisms will be the

ruin of my book! Draw up the curtain! The scene is the Opera.

The pit is crowded; the connoisseurs in the front row are in a very ill humour. It must be confessed, that extreme heat is a little trying to the temper of a critic.

The Opera then was not what it is now, nor even what it had been in a former time. It is somewhat amusing to find Goldsmith questioning, in one of his Essays, whether the Opera could ever become popular in England? But on the night on which we have summoned our reader to that "theatre of sweet sounds," a celebrated singer from the continent made his first appearance in London, and all the world thronged to "that odious Opera-house," to hear or to say they had heard the famous Sopraniello.

"A most unusually full house, my lord," said the lean Mr. Callythorpe, to the courtly Earl of Aspeden.

"So full," replied his lordship, with a bow, "that it is quite refreshing to see you. One loves a contrast you know

> "'Refreshing sight, when at the crowded feast
> We hail thy head—*one* empty spot at least.'"

"D——d impertinent!" muttered Mr. Callythorpe.

Clarence now joined them. "How ill you are looking, Linden," said Mr. Callythorpe, rejoiced at an opportunity of venting his spleen.

"It is the mind," said Lord Aspeden; "the mind is very wearing; that is what makes you look so like a spectre, my dear Mr. Callythorpe."

"*Spectre*, my lord!" cried the lean gentleman, in a pretty considerable d——d particular rage; "spectre! one need not have a plethora to look in health; and now I think of it, Lord Aspeden, have you seen the doctor who cures fits? You really ought; you look very apo-

plectic. I speak as a friend, you know, my dear lord."

"Odious person!" said Lord Aspeden, to Clarence, in a whisper; "is it not quite dreadful? Imagine my having mixed in diplomacy for so many years, to come among these bears at last—after all my compliments too!"—and his lordship smiled and sauntered away.

"Horrid fool that Lord Aspeden!" said Callythorpe; "if he had stayed two minutes longer I should have told him so, for I never flatter—it is unworthy an English gentleman. By the by, I must go and court Lady —— for a card to her next rout. Do you know, my dear Clarence, that Lord Borodaile says you are no relation to Talbot? and people begin to ask a great many questions about you, just as if you were a sharper? You are not offended? I'm your true friend, and always take your part."

"Thank you," said Clarence, hiding with a

laugh his vexation; "and so adieu. I am going to make my round through the boxes."

"Oh, Mr. Foreigner, Mr. Foreigner," said Clarence to himself, as he ascended the stairs, "whose name I forget, but who didst tell the credulous Duke of Orleans, that while in all other nations, people inquired into your rank, your power, your pedigree, or your fortune, in England the only question ever asked about you was, 'What sort of a man is he?' Oh! Mr. Foreigner, how grievously were you mistaken, or how lamentably are we changed!"

With a nervous step, Clarence proceeded to Lady Westborough's box; and it was many minutes that he lingered by the door before he summoned courage to obtain admission.

He entered; the box was crowded; but Lady Flora was not there. Lord Borodaile was sitting next to Lady Westborough. As Clarence entered, Lord Borodaile raised his eye-

brows, and Lady Westborough her glass. However disposed a great person may be to drop a lesser one, no one of real birth or breeding ever cuts another. (This fact we beg leave fully to impress upon your mind, my dear Author or Authoress of ——, the next time you write a novel, and take the maxims of Brummel, who was not a gentleman, for truths.) Lady Westborough, therefore, though much colder, was no less civil than usual; and Lord Borodaile bowed lower than ever to *Mr.* Linden, as he punctiliously called him. But Clarence's quick eye discovered instantly that he was no welcome intruder, and that his day with the beautiful marchioness was over. His visit, consequently, was short and embarrassed. When he left the box, he heard Lord Borodaile's short, low, sneering laugh, followed by Lady Westborough's "hush" of reproof.

His blood boiled. He hurried along the

passage, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his hand clenched.

"What, ho! Linden, my good fellow, why you look as if all the ferocity of the great Figg were in your veins," cried a good humoured voice. Clarence started, and saw the young and high spirited Duke of Haverfield.

"Are you going behind the scenes?" said his grace. "I have just come from thence; and you had much better drop into La Meronville's box with me. You sup with her to-night, do you not?"

"No, indeed!" replied Clarence; "I scarcely know her, except by sight."

"Well, and what think you of her?"

"That she is the prettiest Frenchwoman I ever saw."

"Commend me to secret sympathies!" cried the Duke. "She has asked me three times who you were, and told me three times that you

were the handsomest man in London, and had quite a foreign air; the latter recommendation being of course far greater than the former. So after this you cannot refuse to accompany me to her box, and make her acquaintance."

"Nay," answered Clarence, "I shall be too happy to profit by the taste of so discerning a person; but it is cruel in you, Duke, not to feign a little jealousy—a little reluctance to introduce so formidable a rival."

"Oh, *quant à moi*," said Haverfield, "I only like her for her mental, not her personal attractions. She is very agreeable, and a little witty; *voilà des attractions pour une femme qui demeure à Londres.*"

"But do tell me a little of her history," said Clarence; "for, in spite of her renown, I only know her as La belle Meronville. Is she not living *en ami* with some one of our acquaintance?"

"To be sure," replied the Duke, "with Lord Borodaile. She is prodigiously extravagant; and Borodaile affects to be prodigiously fond, a thing which you and I, who know (thanks to Trollolop) that there is only a certain fund of affection in the 'human mind,' and that all Lord Borodaile's is centred *in* Lord Borodaile, are convinced cannot really be the case."

"Is he jealous of her?" said Clarence.

"Not in the least! nor indeed does she give him any cause. She is very gay, very talkative, gives excellent suppers, and always has her box at the Opera crowded *avec des adorateurs;* but that is all. She encourages many, and favours but one. Happy Borodaile! My lot is less fortunate! You know, I suppose, that Julia has deserted me?"

"You astonish me—and for what?"

"Oh, she told me, with a vehement burst of tears, that she was convinced I did not love her,

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

and that a hundred pounds a month was not sufficient to maintain a milliner's apprentice. I answered the first assertion, by an assurance that I adored her; but I preserved a total silence with regard to the latter: and so I found Trevanion *tête-à-tête* with her the next day."

"What did you?" said Clarence.

"Sent my valet to Trevanion, with an old coat of mine, my compliments, and my hopes that, as Mr. Trevanion was so fond of my cast off conveniences, he would honour me by accepting the accompanying trifle."

"He challenged you, without doubt?"

"Challenged me! No. He tells all his friends that I am the wittiest man in Europe."

"A fool can speak truth you see," said Clarence, laughing.

"Thank you Linden: you shall have my good word with La Meronville for that; *mais allons*."

Mademoiselle *de* la Meronville, as she pointedly entitled herself, was one of those charming adventuresses, who, making the most of a good education and a prepossessing person, a delicate turn *pour des épîtres*, and a lively vein of conversation, come to England for a year or two, as Spaniards were wont to go to Mexico, and who return to their native country with a profound contempt for the barbarians whom they have so egregiously despoiled. M. de la Meronville was small, beautifully formed, had the prettiest hands and feet in the world, and laughed *musically*. By-the-by, how difficult it is to laugh, or even to smile, at once naturally and gracefully. We have often thought it one of Steele's finest touches of character, where he says of Will Honeycomb, "He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily."

In a word, our *jolie Française* was precisely

formed to turn the head of a man like Lord Borodaile, whose pride made him love being courted, and whose unintellectuality required to be amused. Madame de la Meronville received Clarence with a great deal of grace, and a little reserve, the first chiefly natural, the last wholly artificial.

"Well," said the duke, (in French), "*you* have not told me yet who are to be of your party this evening—Borodaile, I suppose, of course?"

"No, he cannot come to-night."

"*Ah, quel malheur!* then the hock will not be iced enough—Borodaile's looks are the best wine coolers in the world."

"Fie!" cried La Meronville, glancing towards Clarence: "I cannot endure your malevolence; wit makes you very bitter."

"And that is exactly the reason why *la belle* Meronville loves me so; nothing is so sweet

to one person as bitterness upon another; it is human nature and French nature (which is a very different thing) into the bargain."

"Bah! my lord duke, you judge of others by yourself."

"To be sure I do," cried his grace: "and that is the best way of forming a right judgment. Ah! what a foot that *petite demoiselle* has—you don't admire her, Linden?"

"No, duke, my admiration is like the bird in the cage—chained here, and cannot fly away!" answered Clarence, with a smile at the frippery of his compliment.

"Ah, Monsieur," cried the pretty Frenchwoman, leaning back, "you have been at Paris I see—one does not learn those graces of language in England. I have been five months in your country—brought over the prettiest dresses imaginable, and have only received three compliments, and (pity me) two out of the three were

upon my pronunciation of 'How do you do!'"

"Well," said Clarence, "I should have imagined that in England, above all other countries, your vanity would have been gratified, for you know we pique ourselves on our sincerity, and say all we think."

"Yes! then you always think, very unpleasantly; *voila l'alternative!* which is the best, to speak ill or to think ill of one?"

"*Pour l'amour de dieu,*" cried the duke, "don't ask such puzzling questions; you are always getting into those moral subtleties, which I suppose you learn from Borodaile. He is a wonderful metaphysician, I hear—I can answer for his chemical knowledge: the moment he enters a room he draws all the oxygen out of it, the very walls grow damp. As for me, I dissolve; I should flow into a fountain like Arethusa, if happily his lordship did not freeze one again

into substance as fast as he dampens one into thaw."

"*Fi donc!*" cried La Meronville. "I should be very angry, had you not taught me to be very indifferent—"

"To *him!*" said the duke, drily. "I'm glad to hear it. He is not worth *une grande passion*, believe me—but tell me, *ma belle*, who else sups with you?"

"*D'abord*, Monsieur Linden, I trust," answered La Meronville, with a look of invitation (not an inviting look), to which Clarence bowed and smiled his assent. "Milord D——, and Mons. Trevanion, Mademoiselle Caumartin, and Monsieur Le Prince Pietro d'Urbini."

"Nothing can be better arranged," said the duke. "But see, they are just going to drop the curtain. Let me call your carriage."

"You are too good, milord," replied La Me-

ronville, with a bow, which said, "of course;" and the duke, who would not have stirred three paces for the first princess of the blood, hurried out of the box (despite of Clarence's offer to undertake the commission) to inquire after the carriage of the most notorious adventuress of the day.

Clarence was alone in the box with the beautiful Frenchwoman. To say truth, our hero was far too much in love with Lady Flora, and too occupied, as to his other thoughts, with the projects of ambition, to be easily led into any disreputable or criminal *liaison*; he therefore conversed with his usual ease, though with rather more than his usual gallantry (for he knew well how to suit his language to the person he addressed), without feeling the least touched by the charms of La Meronville, or the least desirous of supplanting Lord Borodaile in her favour.

The duke reappeared, and announced the carriage. As, with *la* Meronville leaning on his arm, Clarence hurried out, he accidentally looked up, and saw on the head of the stairs Lady Westborough with her party (Lord Borodaile among the rest) in waiting for her carriage. For almost the first time in his life, Clarence felt ashamed of himself; his cheek burned like fire, and he involuntarily let go the fair hand which was leaning upon his arm. However, the weaker our cause the better face we should put upon it, and Clarence, recovering his presence of mind, and vainly hoping he had not been perceived, buried his face as well as he was able in the fur collar of his cloak, and hurried on.

"You saw Lord Borodaile?" said the duke to La Meronville, as he handed her into her carriage.

"Yes, I accidentally looked back after we had passed him, and then I saw him."

"Looked back!" said the duke; "I wonder he did not turn you into a pillar of salt."

"*Fi donc!*" cried La belle Meronville, tapping his grace playfully on the arm, in order to do which *she was forced to lean* a little harder upon Clarence's, which she had not yet relinquished—"*Fi donc!—François chez moi!*"

"My carriage is just behind," said the duke. "You will go with me to La Meronville's, of course."

"Really, my dear duke," said Clarence, "I wish I could excuse myself from this party. I have another engagement."

"Excuse yourself! and leave me to the mercy of Mademoiselle Caumartin, who has the face of an ostrich, and talks me out of breath! Never, my dear Linden, never! Besides, I want you to

see how well I shall behave to Trevanion. Here is the carriage. *Entrez, mon cher.*"

And Clarence weakly and foolishly (but he *was* very young and very unhappy, and so, longing for an escape from his own thoughts) entered the carriage, and drove to the supper party, in order to prevent the Duke of Haverfield being talked out of breath by Mademoiselle Caumartin, who had the face of an ostrich.

CHAPTER XVII.

> "Yet truth is keenly sought for, and the wind
> Charg'd with rich words, poured out in thought's defence;
> Whether the church inspire that eloquence,
> Or a Platonic piety, confin'd
> To the sole temple of the inward mind;
> And one there is who builds immortal lays,
> Though doomed to tread in solitary ways;
> Darkness before, and danger's voice behind!
> Yet not alone ——"
>
> WORDSWORTH.

LONDON—thou Niobe, who sittest in stone, amidst thy stricken and fated children;—Nurse of the desolate, that hidest in thy bosom the shame, the sorrows, the sins of many sons; in whose arms the fallen and the outcast shroud their distresses, and shelter from the proud

man's contumely; Epitome and Focus of the disparities and maddening contrasts of this wrong world, that assemblest together in one great heap the woes, the joys, the elevations, the debasements of the various tribes of man; Mightiest of levellers, confounding in thy whirlpool all ranks, all minds, the graven labours of knowledge, the straws of the maniac, purple and rags, the regalities and the loathsomeness of earth — palace and lazar-house combined! Grave of the living, where, mingled and massed together, we couch, but rest not—"for in that sleep *of life* what dreams *do* come"—each vexed with a separate vision—"shadows" which "grieve the heart," unreal in their substance, but faithful in their warnings, flitting from the eye, but graving unfleeting memories on the mind, which reproduce new dreams over and over, until the phantasm ceases, and the pall of a heavier torpor falls upon the brain, and all is still, and dark,

and hushed !—"From the stir of thy great Babel," and the fixed tinsel glare in which sits Pleasure like a star, "which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays," we turn to thy deeper and more secret haunts. "Thy wilderness is all before us—where to choose our place of rest;" and to our eyes, thy mysteries are bared, and thy hidden recesses are pierced as with a spell.

The clock of St. Paul's had tolled the second hour of morning. Within a small and humble apartment in the very heart of the city, there sat a writer, whose lucubrations, then obscure and unknown, were destined years afterwards to excite the vague admiration of the crowd, and the deeper homage of the wise. They were of that nature which is slow in winning its way to popular esteem; the result of the hived and hoarded knowledge of years—the produce of deep thought and sublime aspirations, influenc-

ing in its bearings the interest of the many, yet only capable of analysis by the judgment of the few. But the stream broke forth at last from the cavern to the daylight, although *the source* was never traced; or, to change the image—albeit none know the hand which executed, and the head which designed—the monument of a mighty intellect has been at length dug up, as it were, from the envious earth, the brighter for its past obscurity, and the more certain of immortality from the temporary neglect it has sustained.

The room was, as we before said, very small and meanly furnished; yet were there a few articles of costliness and luxury scattered about, which told that the tastes of its owner had not been quite humbled to the level of his fortunes. One side of the narrow chamber was covered with shelves, which supported books,

in various languages; and though chiefly on scientific subjects, not utterly confined to them. Among the doctrines of the philosopher, and the golden rules of the moralist, were also seen the pleasant dreams of poets, the legends of Spencer, the refining moralities of Pope, the lofty errors of Lucretius, and the sublime relics of *our* "dead kings of melody."* And over the hearth was a picture, taken in more prosperous days, of one, who had been, and was yet, to the tenant of that abode, better than fretted roofs and glittering banquets, the objects of ambition, or even the immortality of fame. It was the face of one very young and beautiful, and the deep, tender eyes looked down, as with a watchful fondness upon the lucubrator and his labours. While beneath the window, which was left unclosed, for it was scarcely June, were

* Shakspeare and Milton.

simple, yet not inelegant vases, filled with flowers:

> "Those lovely leaves, where we
> May read how soon things have
> Their end, though ne'er so brave."*

The writer was alone, and had just paused from his employment: he was leaning his face upon one hand, in a thoughtful and earnest mood, and the air which came chill, but gentle, from the window, slightly stirred the locks from the broad and marked brow, over which they fell in thin but graceful waves. Partly owing perhaps to the waning light of the single lamp, and the lateness of the hour, his cheek seemed very pale, and the complete, though contemplative rest of the features partook greatly of the quiet of habitual sadness, and a little of the languor of shaken health; yet the expression, despite of the proud cast of the brow and profile,

* Herrick.

was rather benevolent than stern or dark in its pensiveness, and the lines spoke more of the wear and harrow of deep thought, than the inroads of ill-regulated passion.

There was a slight tap at the door—the latch was raised, and the original of the picture we have described entered the apartment.

Time had not been idle with her since that portrait had been taken: the round elastic figure had lost much of its youth and freshness; the step, though light, was languid, and in the centre of the fair, smooth cheek, which was a little sunken, burned one deep bright spot—fatal sign to those who have watched the progress of the most deadly and deceitful of our national maladies; yet still the form and countenance were eminently interesting and lovely; and though the bloom was gone for ever, the beauty which not even death could wholly have despoiled,

remained to triumph over debility, misfortune, and disease.

She approached the student, and laid her hand upon his shoulder—

"Dearest!" said he, tenderly yet reproachfully, "yet up, and the hour so late, and yourself so weak? Fie, I must learn to scold you."

"And how," answered the intruder, "how could I sleep or rest while you are consuming your very life in those thankless labours?"

"By which," interrupted the writer, "with a faint smile, we glean our scanty subsistence."

"Yes," said the wife (for she held that relation to the student), and the tears stood in her eyes, "I know well that every morsel of bread, every drop of water is wrung from your very heart's blood, and I—I am the cause of all; but surely you exert yourself too much, more than can be requisite. These night damps, this sickly

and chilling air, heavy with the rank vapours of the coming morning, are not suited to thoughts and toils which are alone sufficient to sear your mind and exhaust your strength. Come, my own love, to bed: and yet, first, come and look upon our child, how sound she sleeps! I have leant over her for the last hour, and tried to fancy it was you whom I watched, for she has learnt already your smile, and has it even when she sleeps."

"She has cause to smile," said the husband, bitterly.

"She has, *for she is yours!* and even in poverty and humble hopes, that is an inheritance which may well teach her pride and joy. Come, love, the air is keen, and the damp rises to your forehead—yet stay, till I have kissed it away."

"Mine own love," said the student, as he rose and wound his arm round the slender waist of his wife: "wrap your shawl closer over your

bosom, and let us look for one instant upon the night. I cannot sleep till I have slaked the fever of my blood ; the air hath nothing of coldness in its breath to me."

And they walked to the window and looked forth. All was hushed and still in the narrow street ; the cold grey clouds were hurrying fast along the sky, and the stars, weak and waning in their light, gleamed forth at rare intervals upon the mute city like the expiring watch-lamps of the dead.

They leaned out, and spoke not ; but when they looked above upon the melancholy heavens, they drew nearer to each other, as if it were their natural instinct to do so, whenever the world without seemed discouraging and sad.

At length the student broke the silence ; but his thoughts, which were wandering and disjointed, were breathed less to her than vaguely and unconsciously to himself. " Morn breaks—

another and another!—day upon day!—while we drag on our load like the blind beast which knows not when the burthen shall be cast off, and the hour of rest be come."

The woman pressed his hand to her bosom, but made no rejoinder—she knew his mood—and the student continued.

"And so life frets itself away! Four years have passed over our seclusion—four years! a great segment in the little circle of our mortality; and of those years what day has pleasure won from labour, or what night has sleep snatched wholly from the lamp? Weaker than the miser, the insatiable and restless mind traverses from east to west; and from the nooks, and corners, and crevices of earth collects, fragment by fragment, grain by grain, atom by atom, the riches which it gathers to its coffers—for what?—to starve amidst the plenty! The fantasies of the imagination bring a ready and substantial return: not so

the treasures of thought.* Better that I had renounced the soul's labour for that of its hardier frame—better that I had 'sweated in the eye of Phœbus,' than 'eat my heart with crosses and with cares,'—seeking truth and wanting bread—adding to the indigence of poverty its humiliation;—wroth with the arrogance of those who weigh in the shallow scales of their meagre knowledge the product of lavish thought, and of the hard hours for which health, and sleep,

* If the poet, the novelist, the man of letters, sometimes, even in the present day, complains justly of the neglect of his cotemporaries, how can the philosopher, who outstrips his age, hope, until time grows up to the measure of his intellect, to be appreciated, since he is not even understood? In literature, unless it be mingled with moral or political reasonings, there are, comparatively speaking, few prejudices, and still fewer hostile interests, to contend with or assuage. But in science, wherever the innovator treads he tramples upon a long cherished opinion; he is girt round with the sanctity of error. Fond of excitement, we pant for novelty in fiction: interested in the existence of present doctrines, we shudder at novelty in truth. Happy is he who is only neglected—not persecuted or starved! Happy he who, amidst Arcadian plenty, ponders at his leisure upon the subtleties of schoolmen. Let him not lament, *si* FRUSTRA *sapit*, but rejoice with us that *inter literas* NON *esurit*.

and spirit have been exchanged;—sharing the lot of those who would enchant the old serpent of evil, which refuses the voice of the charmer! —struggling against the prejudice and bigotted delusion of the bandaged and fettered herd to whom, in our fond hopes and aspirations, we trusted to give light and freedom;—seeing the slavish judgments we would have redeemed from error, clashing their chains at us in ire;—made criminal by our very benevolence;—the martyrs whose zeal is rewarded with persecution, whose prophecies are crowned with contempt!—Better, oh, better that I had not listened to the vanity of a heated brain—better that I had made my home with the lark and the wild bee, among the fields and the quiet hills, where life, if obscurer, is less debased, and hope, if less eagerly indulged, is less bitterly disappointed. The frame, it is true, might have been bowed to a harsher labour, but the heart would at least have had its

rest from anxiety, and the mind its relaxation from thought."

The wife's tears fell upon the hand she clasped. The student turned, and his heart smote him for the selfishness of his complaints. He drew her closer and closer to his bosom; and gazing fondly upon those eyes which years of indigence and care might have robbed of their young lustre, but not of their undying tenderness, he kissed away her tears, and addressed her in a voice which never failed to charm into forgetfulness her grief.

" Dearest and kindest," he said, " was I not to blame for accusing those privations or regrets which have only made us love each other the more! Trust me, mine own treasure, that it is only in the peevishness of an inconstant and fretful humour, that I have murmured against my fortune. For, in the midst of all, I look upon you, my angel, my comforter, my young dream

of love, which God, in his mercy, breathed into waking life—I look upon you, and am blest and grateful. Nor in my juster moments do I accuse even the nature of these studies, though they bring us so scanty a reward. Have I not hours of secret and overflowing delight, the triumphs of gratified research—flashes of sudden light, which reward the darkness of thought, and light up my solitude as a revel?—These feelings of rapture, which nought but Science can afford—amply repay her disciples for worse evils and severer hardships than it has been my destiny to endure. Look along the sky, how the vapours struggle with the still yet feeble stars: even so have the mists of error been pierced, though not scattered, by the dim but holy lights of past wisdom; and now the morning is at hand, and in that hope we journey on, doubtful, but not utterly in darkness. Nor is this *all my* hope; there *is* a loftier and more steady comfort than

that which mere philosophy can bestow. If the certainty of future fame bore Milton rejoicing through his blindness, or cheered Galileo in his dungeon, what stronger and holier support shall not be given to *him* who has loved mankind as his brothers, and devoted his labours to their cause?—who has not sought but relinquished his own renown?—who has braved the present censures of men for their future benefit, and trampled upon glory in the energy of benevolence? Will there not be for him something more powerful than fame to comfort his sufferings now, and to sustain his hopes beyond the grave? If the wish of mere posthumous honour is a feeling rather vain than exalted, the love of our race affords us a more rational and noble desire of remembrance. Come what will, that love, if it animates our toils, and directs our studies, shall, when we are dust, make our relics of value, our efforts of avail, and consecrate the desire of

fame, which were else a passion selfish and impure, by connecting it with the welfare of ages, and the eternal interests of the world and its Creator! Come, my beloved, we will to bed."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"A man may be formed by nature for an admirable citizen, and yet, from the purest motives, be a dangerous one to the State in which the accident of birth has placed him."

STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

THE night again closed, and the student once more resumed his labours. The spirit of his hope and comforter of his toils sat by him, ever and anon lifting her fond eyes from her work to gaze upon his countenance, to sigh, and to return sadly and quietly to her employment.

A heavy step ascended the stairs, the door opened, and the tall figure of Wolfe, the republican, presented itself. The female rose, pushed

a chair towards him with a smile and grace suited to better fortunes, and, retiring from the table, reseated herself silent and apart.

"It is a fine night," said the student, when the mutual greetings were over. "Whence come you?"

"From contemplating human misery and worse than human degradation," replied Wolfe, slowly seating himself.

"Those words specify no place—they apply universally," said the student, with a sigh.

"Ay, Glendower, for misgovernment is universal," rejoined Wolfe.

Glendower made no answer.

"Oh!" said Wolfe, in the low, suppressed tone of intense passion, which was customary to him, "it maddens me to look upon the willingness with which men hug their trappings of slavery, —bears, proud of the rags which deck, and the monkeys which ride them. But it frets me yet

more when some lordling sweeps along, lifting his dull eyes above the fools whose only crime and debasement are—what?—their subjection *to him!* Such an one I encountered a few nights since; and he will remember the meeting longer than I shall. I taught that "god to tremble."

The female rose, glanced towards her husband, and silently withdrew.

Wolfe paused for a few moments, looked curiously and pryingly round, and then rising, went forth into the passage to see that no loiterer or listener was near—returned, and drawing his chair close to Glendower, fixed his dark eye upon him and said,

"You are poor, and your spirit rises against your lot; you are just, and your heart swells against the general oppression you behold; can you not dare to remedy your ills, and those of mankind?"

"I can dare," said Glendower, calmly, though haughtily, "all things but crime."

"And which is crime? the rising against, or the submission to, evil government? Which is crime, I ask you?"

"That which is the most imprudent," answered Glendower. "We may sport in ordinary cases with our own safeties, but only in rare cases with the safety of others."

Wolfe rose, and paced the narrow room impatiently to and fro. He paused by the window, and threw it open. "Come here," he cried,—"come and look out."

Glendower did so—all was still and quiet.

"Why did you call me?" said he; "I see nothing."

"Nothing?" exclaimed Wolfe, "look again—look on yon sordid and squalid huts—look at yon court, that from this wretched street leads to

abodes to which these are as palaces: look at yon victims of vice and famine plying beneath the midnight skies their filthy and infectious trade. Wherever you turn your eyes, what see you? Misery, loathsomeness, sin! Are you a man, and call you these nothing! And now lean forth still more—see afar off by yonder lamp, the mansion of ill-gotten and griping wealth. He who owns those buildings, what did he that he should riot while we starve? He wrung from the negro's tears and bloody sweat, the luxuries of a pampered and vitiated taste; he pandered to the excesses of the rich; he heaped their tables with the product of a nation's groans. Lo!—his reward! He is rich—prosperous—honoured! He sits in the legislative assembly; he declaims against immorality; he contends for the safety of property, and the equilibrium of ranks. Transport yourself from

this spot for an instant — imagine that you survey the gorgeous homes of aristocracy and power—the palaces of the west. What see you there—the few, sucking, draining, exhausting the blood, the treasure, the very existence of the many. Are we, who are *of* the many, wise to suffer it?"

"Are we of the many!" said Glendower.

"We could be," said Wolfe, hastily.

"I doubt it," replied Glendower.

"Listen," said the republican, laying his hand upon Glendower's shoulder, "listen to me. There are in this country, men, whose spirits not years of delayed hope, wearisome persecution, and, bitterer than all, misrepresentation from some, and contempt from others, have yet quelled and tamed. We watch our opportunity; the growing distress of the country, the increasing severity and misrule of the

administration will soon afford it us. Your talents, your benevolence, render you worthy to join us. Do so, and—"

"Hush!" interrupted the student: "you know not what you say; you weigh not the folly, the madness of your design! I am a man more fallen, more sunken, more disappointed than you. I, too, have had at my heart the burning and lonely hope, which, through years of misfortune and want, has comforted me with the thought of serving and enlightening mankind—I, too, have devoted to the fulfilment of that hope, days and nights, in which the brain grew dizzy, and the heart heavy and clogged with the intensity of my pursuits. Were the dungeon and the scaffold my reward, Heaven knows that I would not flinch eye or hand, or abate a jot of heart and hope in the thankless prosecution of my toils. Know me, then, as one of fortunes more desperate than

your own; of an ambition more unquenchable; of a philanthropy no less ardent; and, I *will* add, of a courage no less firm: and behold the utter hopelessness of your projects with others, when to me they only appear the visions of an enthusiast!"

Wolfe sunk down in the chair.

"Is it even so?" said he, slowly and musingly. "Are my hopes but delusions?—Has my life been but one idle though convulsive dream?—Is the goddess of our religion banished from this great and populous earth, to the seared and barren hearts of a few solitary worshippers, whom all else despise as madmen, or persecute as idolaters?—And if so, shall we adore her the less?—No! though we perish in her cause, it is around her altar that our corpses shall be found!"

"My friend," said Glendower, kindly, for he was touched by the sincerity, though opposed to

the opinions of the republican, "the night is yet early: we will trim the lamp, and sit down to discuss our several doctrines calmly, and in the spirit of truth and investigation."

"Away!" cried Wolfe, rising and slouching his hat over his bent and lowering brows; "away! I will not listen to you—I dread your reasonings—I would not have a particle of my faith shaken. If I err, I have erred from my birth: erred with Brutus and Tell, Hampden and Milton, and all whom the thousand tribes and parties of earth consecrate with their common gratitude and eternal reverence. In that error I will die! If our party can struggle not with hosts, there may yet arise some minister with the ambition of Cæsar, if not his genius—of whom a single dagger can rid the earth!"

"And if not!" said Glendower.

"I have the same dagger for myself!" replied Wolfe, as he closed the door.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE only two acquaintances in this populous city, whom Glendower possessed, who were aware that in a former time he had known a better fortune, were Wolfe, and a person, of far higher worldly estimation, of the name of Crauford. With the former the student had become acquainted by the favour of chance, which had for a short time made them lodgers in the same house. Of the particulars of Glendower's earlier history, Wolfe was utterly ignorant;

but the addresses upon some old letters, which he had accidentally seen, had informed him, that Glendower had formerly borne another name; and it was easy to glean from the student's conversation, that something of greater distinction and prosperity than he now enjoyed, was coupled with the appellation he had renounced. Proud, melancholy, austere—brooding upon thoughts, whose very loftiness received somewhat of additional grandeur from the gloom which encircled it—Glendower found in the ruined hopes and the solitary lot of the republican, that congeniality which neither Wolfe's habits, nor the excess of his political fervour might have afforded to a nature which philosophy had rendered moderate and early circumstances refined. Crauford was far better acquainted than Wolfe with the reverses Glendower had undergone. Many years ago, he had known, and indeed travelled with him upon the

continent; since then, they had not met till about six months prior to the time in which Glendower is presented to the reader. It was in an obscure street of the city, that Crauford had then encountered Glendower, whose haunts were so little frequented by the higher orders of society, that Crauford was the first, and the only one, of his former acquaintance, with whom for years he had been brought into contact. That person recognized him at once, accosted him, followed him home, and three days afterwards surprised him with a visit. Of manners which, in their dissimulation, extended far beyond the ease and breeding of the world, Crauford readily appeared not to notice the altered circumstances of his old acquaintance; and by a tone of conversation artfully respectful, he endeavoured to remove from Glendower's mind that soreness which his knowledge of human nature told him his visit was calculated to create.

There is a certain species of pride which contradicts the ordinary symptoms of the feeling, and appears most elevated when it would be reasonable to expect it should be most depressed. Of this sort was Glendower's. When he received the guest who had known him in his former prosperity, some natural sentiment of emotion called, it is true, to his pale cheek a momentary flush, as he looked round his humble apartment, and the evident signs of poverty it contained; but his address was calm and self-possessed, and whatever mortification he might have felt, no intonation of his voice, no tell-tale embarrassment of manner, revealed it. Encouraged by this air, even while he was secretly vexed by it, and perfectly unable to do justice to the dignity of mind which gave something of majesty, rather than humiliation, to misfortune, Crauford resolved to repeat his visit, and by intervals, gradually lessening, renewed it, till acquaintance seemed,

though little tinctured, at least on Glendower's side, by *friendship*, to assume the semblance of *intimacy*. It was true, however, that he had something to struggle against in Glendower's manner, which certainly grew colder in proportion to the repetition of the visits; and, at length, Glendower said, with an ease and quiet which abashed, for a moment, an effrontery both of mind and manner, which was almost without parallel—"Believe me, Mr. Crauford, I feel fully sensible of your attentions; but as circumstances at present are such as to render an intercourse between us little congenial to the habits and sentiments of either, you will probably understand and forgive my motives in wishing no longer to receive civilities which, however I may feel, I am unable to return."

Crauford coloured, and hesitated, before he replied. "Forgive me," then said he, "for my fault. I did venture to hope that no circumstan-

ces would break off an acquaintance to me so valuable. Forgive me if I did imagine that an intercourse between mind and mind could be equally carried on, whether the mere body were lodged in a palace or a hovel;" and then suddenly changing his tone into that of affectionate warmth, Crauford continued: "My dear Glendower, my dear friend, I would say, if I durst, is not your pride rather to blame here? Believe me, in my turn, I fully comprehend and bow to it; but it wounds me beyond expression. Were you in your proper station, a station much higher than my own, I would come to you at once, and proffer my friendship—as it is, I cannot; but your pride wrongs me, Glendower—indeed it does."

And Crauford turned away, apparently in the bitterness of wounded feeling.

Glendower was touched; and his nature, as kind as it was proud, immediately smote him for

conduct certainly ungracious, and perhaps ungrateful. He held out his hand to Crauford; with the most respectful warmth, that personage seized and pressed it; and from that time Crauford's visits appeared to receive a license which, if not perfectly welcome, was at least never again questioned.

"I shall have this man now," muttered Crauford, between his ground teeth, as he left the house, and took his way to his counting-house. There, cool, bland, fawning, and weaving in his close and dark mind various speculations of guilt and craft, he sat among his bills and gold like the very gnome and personification of that Mammon of gain to which he was the most supple, though concealed adherent.

Richard Crauford was of a new, but not unimportant family. His father had entered into commerce, and left a flourishing firm, and a name of great respectability in his profession, to

his son. That son was a man whom many and opposite qualities rendered a character of very singular and uncommon stamp. Fond of the toiling acquisition of money, he was equally attached to the ostentatious pageantries of expense. Profoundly skilled in the calculating business of his profession, he was devoted equally to the luxuries of pleasure; but the pleasure was suited well to the mind which pursued it. The divine intoxication of that love where the delicacies and purities of affection consecrate the humanity of passion, was to him a thing that not even his youngest imagination had ever dreamt of. The social concomitants of the wine cup (which have for the lenient an excuse, for the austere a temptation)—the generous expanding of the heart—the increased yearning to kindly affection—the lavish spirit throwing off its exuberance in the thousand lights and emanations of wit—these which have rendered the molten grape,

despite of its excesses, not unworthy of the praises of immortal hymns, and taken harshness from the judgment of those averse to its enjoyment—these never presented an inducement to the stony temperament and dormant heart of Richard Crauford.

He looked upon the essences of things internal, as the common eye upon outward nature, and loved the many shapes of evil as the latter does the varieties of earth, not for their graces, but their utility. His loves, coarse and low, fed their rank fires from an unmingled and gross depravity. His devotion to wine was either solitary and unseen—for he loved safety better than mirth—or in company with those whose station flattered his vanity, not whose fellowship ripened his crude and nipped affections. Even the recklessness of vice in him had the character of prudence; and in the most rapid and turbulent stream of his excesses, one

might detect the rocky and unmoved heart of the calculator at the bottom.

Cool, sagacious, profound in dissimulation, and not only observant of, but deducing sage consequences from, those human inconsistencies and frailties by which it was his aim to profit, he cloaked his deeper vices with a masterly hypocrisy—and for those too dear to forego, and too difficult to conceal, he obtained pardon by the intercession of virtues it cost him nothing to assume. Regular in his attendance at worship—professing rigidness of faith, beyond the tenets of the orthodox church—subscribing to the public charities, where the common eye knoweth what the private hand giveth—methodically constant to the forms of business—primitively scrupulous in the proprieties of speech—hospitable, at least to his superiors—and, being naturally smooth, both of temper and address, popular with his inferiors—it was no marvel

that one part of the world forgave, to a man rich and young, the irregularities of dissipation —that another forgot real immorality in favour of affected religion—or that the remainder allowed the most unexceptionable excellence of words to atone for the unobtrusive errors of a conduct which prejudiced not *them*.

"It is true," said his friends, "that he loves women too much; but he is young—he will marry and amend."

Mr. Crauford did *marry*—and, strange as it may seem, for love—at least for that brute-like love, of which only he was capable. After a few years of ill-usage on his side, and endurance on his wife's, they parted. Disgusted with her person, and profiting by her gentleness of temper, he sent her to an obscure corner of the country, to starve upon the miserable pittance which was all he allowed her from his superfluities. Even then—such is the effect of the showy proprieties

of form and word—Mr. Crauford sunk not in the estimation of the world.

"It was easy to see," said the spectators of his domestic drama, "that a man in temper so mild—in his business so honourable—so civil of speech—so attentive to the stocks and the sermon—could not have been the party to blame. One never knew the rights of matrimonial disagreements, nor could sufficiently estimate the provoking disparities of temper. Certainly Mrs Crauford never did look in good humour, and had not the open countenance of her husband; and certainly the very excesses of Mr. Crauford betokened a generous warmth of heart, which the sullenness of his conjugal partner might easily chill and revolt."

And thus, unquestioned and unblamed, Mr. Crauford walked onward in his beaten way; and secretly laughing at the toleration of the crowd,

continued at his luxurious villa, the orgies of a passionless yet brutal sensuality.

So far might the character of Richard Crauford find parallels in hypocrisy and its success. Dive we now deeper into his soul. Possessed of talents, which, though of a secondary rank, were in that rank consummate, Mr. Crauford could not be a villain by intuition, or the irregular bias of his nature: he was a villain upon a grander scale; he was a villain upon system. Having little learning, and less knowledge, out of his profession, his reflection expended itself upon apparently obvious deductions from the great and mysterious book of life. He saw vice prosperous in externals, and from this sight his conclusion was drawn. "Vice," said he, "is not an obstacle to success; and if so, it is at least a pleasanter road to it than your narrow and thorny ways of virtue." But there are certain vices which re-

quire the mask of virtue, and Crauford thought it easier to wear the mask than to school his soul to the reality. So to the villain he added the hypocrite. He found the success equalled his hopes, for he had both craft and genius: nor was he, naturally, without the minor amiabilities, which to the ignorance of the herd seem more valuable than coin of a more important amount. Blinded as we are by prejudice, we not only *mistake* but *prefer* decencies to moralities; and, like the inhabitants of Cos, when offered the choice of two statues of the same goddess, we choose, not that which is the most beautiful, but that which is the most dressed.

Accustomed easily to dupe mankind, Crauford soon grew to despise them; and from justifying roguery by his own interest, he now justified it by the folly of others: and as no wretch is so unredeemed as to be without excuse to himself, Crauford actually persuaded his reason, that he

was virtuous upon principle, and a rascal on a system of morality. But why the desire of this man, so consummately worldly and heartless, for an intimacy with the impoverished and powerless student? This question is easily answered. In the first place, during Crauford's acquaintance with Glendower abroad, the latter had often, though innocently, galled the vanity and self-pride of the *roturier* affecting the aristocrat, and in poverty, the *roturier* was anxious to retaliate. But this desire would probably have passed away after he had satisfied his curiosity, or gloated his spite, by one or two insights into Glendower's home—for Crauford, though at times a malicious, was not a vindictive man—had it not been for a much more powerful object which afterwards occurred to him. In an extensive scheme of fraud, which for many years this man had carried on, and which for secrecy and boldness was almost un-

equalled, it had of late become necessary to his safety to have a partner, or rather tool. A man of education, talent, and courage, was indispensable, and Crauford had resolved that Glendower should be that man. With the supreme confidence in his own powers, which long success had given him—with a sovereign contempt for, or rather disbelief in human integrity—and with a thorough conviction that the bribe to him was the bribe with all, and that none could on any account be poor if they had the offer to be rich, Crauford did not bestow a moment's consideration upon the difficulty of his task, or conceive that in the nature and mind of Glendower there could exist any obstacle to his design.

Men addicted to calculation are accustomed to suppose those employed in the same mental pursuit arrive, or ought to arrive, at the same final conclusion. Now, looking upon Glendower as a philosopher, Crauford looked upon him as

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI

a man who, however he might conceal his real opinions, secretly laughed like Crauford's self, not only at the established customs, but at the established moralities of the world. Ill acquainted with books, our worthy Richard was, like all men similarly situated, somewhat infected by the very prejudices he affected to despise; and the vulgar ill-opinion of the hearts of those who cultivate the head, he in no small degree shared. Glendower himself had confirmed this opinion by lauding, though he did not entirely subscribe to, those moralists who have made an enlightened self-interest the proper measure of all human conduct; and Crauford, utterly unable to comprehend this system in its grand, naturally interpreted it in a partial sense. Espousing self-interest as his own code, he deemed that in reality Glendower's principles did not differ greatly from his; and as there is no pleasure to a hypocrite like that of finding

a fit opportunity to unburthen some of his real sentiments, Crauford was occasionally wont to hold some conference and argument with the student, in which his opinions were not utterly cloaked in their usual disguise; but, cautious even in his candour, he always forbore stating such opinions as his own: he merely mentioned them as those which a man, beholding the villainies and follies of his kind, might be tempted to form; and thus Glendower, though not greatly esteeming his acquaintance, looked upon him as one ignorant in opinion, but not likely to err in conduct.

These conversations did, however, it is true, increase Crauford's estimate of Mordaunt's integrity, but they by no means diminished his confidence of subduing it. Honour, a deep and pure sense of the divinity of good, the steady desire of rectitude, and the supporting aid of a sincere religion—these he did not deny

to his intended tool; he rather rejoiced that he possessed them. With the profound arrogance, the sense of immeasurable superiority which men of no principle invariably feel for those who have it, Crauford said to himself, "Those very virtues will be my best dupes—they cannot resist the temptations I shall offer, but they can resist any offer to betray me afterwards, for no man can resist hunger; but your fine feelings, your nice honour, your precise religion—he! he! he!—these can teach a man very well to resist a common inducement: they cannot make him submit to be his own executioner; but they can prevent his turning king's evidence, and being executioner to another. No, no—it is not to your common rogues that I may dare trust my secret—*my* secret, which is my life! It is precisely of such a fine, Athenian, moral rogue as I shall make my proud friend, that I am in want. But he has some silly scruples; we

must beat them away—we must not be too rash; and, above all, we must leave the best argument to poverty. Want is your finest orator;—a starving wife—a famished brat—he! he!—these are your true tempters—your true fathers of crime, and fillers of gaols and gibbets. Let me see: he has no money I know, but what he gets from that bookseller. What bookseller, by-the-by? Ah, rare thought! I'll find out, and cut off that supply. My lady wife's cheek will look somewhat thinner next month, I fancy—he! he! But 'tis a pity, for she is a glorious creature! Who knows but I may serve two purposes. However, one at present; business first, and pleasure afterwards—and faith, the business is damnably like that of life and death."

Muttering such thoughts as these, Crauford took his way one evening to Glendower's house.

CHAPTER XX.

"*Iago.*—Virtue; a fig!—'tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus."

Othello.

"So—so, my young friend, let me not disturb you. Madam, dare I venture to hope your acceptance of this fruit? I chose it myself, and I am somewhat of a judge. Oh! Glendower, here is the pamphlet you wished to see."

With this salutation, Crauford drew his chair to the table by which Glendower sate, and entered into conversation with his purposed victim.

A comely and a pleasing countenance had Richard Crauford! The lonely light of the room fell upon a face which, though forty years of guile had gone over it, was as fair and unwrinkled as a boy's. Small, well cut features —a blooming complexion—eyes of the lightest blue—a forehead high though narrow, and a mouth from which the smile was never absent: these, joined to a manner at once soft and confident, and an elegant, though unaffected study of dress, gave to Crauford a personal appearance well suited to aid the effect of his hypocritical and dissembling mind.

"Well, my friend," said he, "always at your books—eh! Ah! it is a happy taste; would that I had cultivated it more; but we who are condemned to business have little leisure to follow our own inclinations. It is only on Sundays that I have time to read; and then, to say truth, I am an old-fashioned

man, whom the gayer part of the world laughs at; and then I am too occupied with the book of books, to think of any less important study."

Not deeming that a peculiar reply was required to this pious speech, Glendower did not take that advantage of Crauford's pause which it was evidently intended that he should. With a glance towards the student's wife, our mercantile friend continued:—"I did once—once, in my young dreams intend—that whenever I married I would relinquish a profession for which, after all, I am but little calculated. I pictured to myself a country retreat, well stored with books; and having concentred in one home all the attractions which could have tempted my thoughts abroad, I had designed to surrender myself solely to those studies which, I lament to say, were but ill attended to in my earlier education. But—but,"—(here Mr. Crauford

sighed deeply, and averted his face)—"fate willed it otherwise!"

Whatever reply of sympathetic admiration or condolence Glendower might have made, was interrupted by one of those sudden and overpowering attacks of faintness which had of late seized the delicate and declining health of his wife. He rose, and leant over her with a fondness and alarm which curled the lip of his visitor.

"Thus it is," said Crauford to himself, "with weak minds, under the influence of habit. The love of lust becomes the love of custom, and the last is as strong as the first."

When she had recovered, she rose, and (with her child) retired to rest, the only restorative she ever found effectual for her complaint. Glendower went with her, and after having seen her eyes, which swam with tears of gratitude at his love, close in the seeming slumber she affected, in order to release him from his watch,

he returned to Crauford. He found that gentleman leaning against the chimney-piece with folded arms, and apparently immersed in thought. A very good opportunity had Glendower's absence afforded to a man, whose boast it was never to lose one. Looking over the papers on the table, he had seen and possessed himself of the address of the bookseller the student dealt with. "So much for business—now for philanthropy," said Mr. Crauford, in his favourite antithetical phrase, throwing himself in his attitude against the chimney-piece.

As Glendower entered, Crauford started from his reverie, and, with a melancholy air and pensive voice, said—

"Alas, my friend, when I look upon this humble apartment, the weak health of your unequalled wife—your obscurity—your misfortunes; when I look upon these, and contrast them with your mind, your talents, all that you were

born and fitted for; I cannot but feel tempted to believe with those who imagine the pursuit of virtue a chimera, and who justify their own worldly policy by the example of all their kind."

"Virtue," said Glendower, "would, indeed, be a chimera, did it require support from those whom you have cited."

"True—most true," answered Crauford, somewhat disconcerted in reality, though not in appearance; "and yet, strange as it may seem, I have known some of those persons very good, admirably good men. They were extremely moral and religious; they only played the great game for worldly advantages upon the same terms as the other players; nay, they never made a move in it without most fervently and sincerely praying for divine assistance."

"I readily believe you," said Glendower, who always, if possible, avoided a controversy—"the easiest person to deceive is one's own self."

"Admirably said," answered Crauford; who thought it, nevertheless, one of the most foolish observations he had ever heard. "Admirably said—and yet my heart does grieve bitterly for the trials and distresses it surveys. One must make excuses for poor human frailty; and one is often placed in such circumstances as to render it scarcely possible, without the grace of God"—(here Crauford lifted up his eyes)—"not to be urged, as it were, into the reasonings and actions of the world."

Not exactly comprehending this observation, and not very closely attending to it, Glendower merely bowed, as in assent, and Crauford continued.

"I remember a remarkable instance of this truth. One of my partner's clerks had, through misfortune or imprudence, fallen into the greatest distresses. His wife, his children (he had a numerous family), were on the literal and abso-

lute verge of starvation. Another clerk, taking advantage of these circumstances, communicated to the distressed man a plan for defrauding his employer. The poor fellow yielded to the temptation, and was at last discovered. I spoke to him myself, for I was interested in his fate, and had always esteemed him.—'What,' said I, 'was your motive to this fraud?'—'My duty!' answered the man fervently; 'my duty. Was I to suffer my wife, my children, to starve before my very face, when I could save them at a little personal risk? No—my duty forbade it!'—and in truth, Glendower, there was something very plausible in this manner of putting the question."

"You might, in answering it," said Glendower, "have put the point in a manner equally plausible, and more true: was he to commit a great crime against the millions connected by social order, for the sake of serving a single family?"

"Quite right," answered Crauford; "that was just the point of view in which I did put it —but the man who was something of a reasoner, replied, 'Public law is instituted for public happiness. Now, if *mine* and my children's happiness is infinitely and immeasurably more served by this comparatively petty fraud, than my employer's is advanced by my abstaining from or injured by my committing it, why, the origin of law itself allows me to do it.' What say you to that, Glendower? It is something in your own Utilitarian, or, as you term it, Epicurean* principle; is it not?" and Crauford, shading his eyes, as if from the light, watched narrowly Glendower's countenance, while he concealed his own.

* See the article on Mr. Moore's Epicurean in the Westminster Review. Though we deem the strictures on that beautiful work harsh and unjust, yet the part relating to the real philosophy of Epicurus is one of the most masterly things in criticism.

"Poor fool!" said Glendower: "the man was ignorant of the first lesson in his moral primer. Did he not know that no rule is to be applied to a peculiar instance, but extended to its most general bearings? Is it necessary even to observe, that the particular consequence of fraud in this man might, it is true, be but the ridding his employer of superfluities, scarcely missed, for the relief of most urgent want in two or three individuals; but the general consequences of fraud and treachery would be the disorganization of all society? Do not think, therefore, that this man was a disciple of mine, or of any system of morality."

"It is very just, very," said Mr. Crauford, with a benevolent sigh; "but you will own that want seldom allows great nicety in moral distinctions, and that, when those whom you love most in the world are starving, you may be pitied, if not forgiven, for losing sight of the

after laws of Nature, and recurring to her first ordinance, self-preservation."

"We should be harsh, indeed," answered Glendower, "if we did not pity; or, even while the law condemned, if the individual did not forgive."

"So I said, so I said," cried Crauford; "and in interceding for the poor fellow, whose pardon I am happy to say I procured, I could not help declaring, that if I were placed in the same circumstances, I am not sure that my crime would not have been the same."

"No man *could* feel sure!" said Glendower, dejectingly.

Delighted and surprised with this confession, Crauford continued:—"I believe—I fear not—thank God, *our* virtue can never be so tried; but even you, Glendower, even *you*, philosopher, moralist as you are—just, good, wise, religious—even you might be tempted, if you

saw your angel wife dying for want of the aid, the very sustenance, necessary to existence, and your innocent and beautiful daughter stretch her little hands to you, and cry in the accents of famine for bread."

The student made no reply for a few moments, but averted his countenance, and then in a slow tone said, "Let us drop this subject: none know their strength till they are tried: self-confidence should accompany virtue, but not precede it."

A momentary flush broke from the usually calm, cold eye, of Richard Crauford. "He is mine," thought he: "the very name of want abases his pride: what will the reality do? O human nature, how I know and mock thee!"

"You are right," said Crauford, aloud; "let us talk of the pamphlet."

And after a short conversation upon indifferent subjects, the visitor departed.

Early the next morning was Mr. Crauford seen on foot, taking his way to the bookseller, whose address he had learnt. This bookseller was known as a man of a strongly evangelical bias. "We must insinuate a lie or two," said Crauford, inly, "about Glendower's principles. He! he! it will be a fine stroke of genius to make the upright tradesman suffer Glendower to starve, out of a principle of religion. But who would have thought my prey had been so easily snared?—why, if I had proposed the matter last night, I verily think he would have agreed to it."

Amusing himself with these thoughts, Crauford arrived at the bookseller's. There he found Fate had saved him from one crime at least. The whole house was in confusion—the bookseller had that morning died of an apoplectic fit.

"Good God! how shocking!" said Crauford to the foreman; "but he was a most worthy

man, and Providence could no longer spare him. The ways of Heaven are inscrutable! Oblige me with three copies of that precious tract termed the 'Divine Call.' I should like to be allowed permission to attend the funeral of so excellent a man. Good morning, Sir—Alas! alas!" and shaking his head piteously, Mr. Crauford left the shop.

"Hurra!" said he, almost audibly, when he was once more in the street, "hurra, my victim is made, my game is won—death or the devil fights for me. But, hold—there are other booksellers in this monstrous city!—ay, but not above two or three in our philosopher's way. I must forestall him there—so, so—that is soon settled—Now, then, I must leave him a little while undisturbed to his fate. Perhaps my next visit may be to him in gaol; your debtors' side of the Fleet is almost as good a pleader as an empty stomach—he! he! he!—but the stroke must be

made soon, for time presses, and this d——d business spreads so fast, that if I don't have a speedy help—it will be too much for my hands, griping as they are. However, if it holds on a year longer, I will change my seat in the lower House for one in the upper; twenty thousand pounds to the minister may make a merchant a very pretty peer. O brave Richard Crauford, wise Richard Crauford, fortunate Richard Crauford, *noble* Richard Crauford! Why, if thou art ever hanged, it will be by a jury of *peers*. 'Gad, the rope would then have a dignity in it, instead of disgrace. But stay, here comes the Dean of ——; not orthodox, it is said—rigid Calvinist—out with the 'Divine Call!'"

When Mr. Richard Crauford repaired next to Glendower, what was his astonishment and dismay at hearing he had left his home, none knew whither, nor could give the inquirer the slightest clue.

"How long has he left?" said Crauford to the landlady.

"Five days, Sir."

"And will he not return to settle any little debts he may have incurred?" said Crauford.

"Oh, no, Sir—he paid them all before he went. Poor gentleman—for though he was poor, he was the finest and most thorough gentleman I ever saw—my heart bled for him. They parted with all their valuables to discharge their debts: the books, and instruments, and busts—all went; and what I saw, though he spoke so indifferently about it, hurt him the most—he sold even the lady's picture. 'Mrs. Croftson,' said he, 'Mr. ——, the painter, will send for that picture the day after I leave you. See that he has it, and that the greatest care is taken of it in delivery.'"

"And you cannot even guess where he has gone to?"

"No, Sir; a single porter was sufficient to convey his remaining goods, and he took him from some distant part of the town."

"Ten thousand devils!" muttered Crauford, as he turned away. "I should have foreseen this! He is lost now. Of course he will again change his name; and in the d—d holes and corners of this gigantic puzzle of houses, how shall I ever find him out?—and time presses too! Well, well, well! there is a fine prize for being cleverer, or, as fools would say, more rascally than others; but there is a world of trouble in winning it. But come—I will go home, lock myself up, and get drunk! I am as melancholy as a cat in love, and about as stupid; and, faith, one must get spirits in order to hit on a new invention. But if there be consistency in fortune, or success in perseverance, or wit in Richard Crauford, that man shall yet be my victim—and preserver!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Revenge is now the cud
That I do chew.—I'll challenge him."
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

We return to "the world of fashion," as the admirers of the polite novel of —— would say. The noon-day sun broke hot and sultry through half-closed curtains of roseate silk, playing in broken beams upon rare and fragrant exotics, which cast the perfumes of southern summers over a chamber, moderate, indeed, as to its dimensions, but decorated with a splendour rather gaudy than graceful, and indicating much

more a passion for luxury than a refinement of taste.

At a small writing-table sat the beautiful La Meronville. She had just finished a note, written (how Jean Jacques would have been enchanted!) upon paper *couleur de rose*, with a mother-of-pearl pen, formed as one of Cupid's darts, dipped into an inkstand of the same material, which was shaped as a quiver, and placed at the back of a little Love, exquisitely wrought. She was folding this billet, when a page, fantastically dressed, entered, and, announcing Lord Borodaile, was immediately followed by that nobleman. Eagerly and almost blushingly did La Meronville thrust the note into her bosom, and hasten to greet and to embrace her adorer. Lord Borodaile flung himself on one of the sofas with a listless and discontented air. The experienced Frenchwoman saw that there was a cloud on his brow—

"My dear friend," said she, in her own tongue, "you seem vexed—has any thing annoyed you?"

"No, Cecile, no.—By the by, who supped with you last night?"

"Oh! the Duke of Haverfield—your friend."

"My friend!" interrupted Borodaile, haughtily—"he's no friend of mine—a vulgar, talkative fellow!—my friend, indeed!"

"Well, I beg your pardon: then there was Mademoiselle Caumartin, and the Prince Pietro del Orbino, and Mr. Trevanion, and Mr. Lin—Lin—Linten, or Linden."

"And, pray, will you allow me to ask how you became acquainted with Mr. Lin—Lin—Linten, or Linden?"

"Assuredly—through the Duke of Haverfield."

"Humph.—Cecile, my love, that young man is not fit to be the acquaintance of my

amante—allow me to strike him from your list."

"Certainly, certainly!" said La Meronville, hastily; and stooping as if to pick up a fallen glove, though, in reality, to hide her face from Lord Borodaile's searching eye, the letter she had written fell from her bosom. Lord Borodaile's glance detected the superscription, and before La Meronville could regain the note, he had possessed himself of it.

"A Monsieur Monsieur Linden!" said he, coldly, reading the address; "and, pray, how long have you corresponded with that gentleman?"

Now La Meronville's situation at that moment was by no means agreeable. She saw at one glance that no falsehood or artifice could avail her; for Lord Borodaile might deem himself fully justified in reading the note, which would contradict any glossing statement she might make. She saw this. She was a woman

of independence—cared not a straw for Lord Borodaile at present, though she *had* had a caprice for him—knew that she might choose her *bon ami* out of all London, and replied—

"That is the first letter I ever wrote to him; but I own that it will not be the last."

Lord Borodaile turned pale.

"And will you suffer me to read it?" said he; for even in these cases he was punctiliously honourable.

La Meronville hesitated. She did not know him. 'If I do not consent,' thought she, 'he will do it without the consent: better submit with a good grace.'—"Certainly!" she answered, with an air of indifference.

Borodaile opened and read the note; it was as follows:

"You have inspired me with a feeling for you which astonishes myself. Ah, why should

that love be the strongest which is the swiftest in its growth? I used to love Lord Borodaile—I now only esteem him—the love has flown to you. If I judge rightly from your words and your eyes, this avowal will not be unwelcome to you. Come and assure me, in person, of a persuasion so dear to my heart.

"C. L. M."

"A very pretty effusion!" said Lord Borodaile, sarcastically, and only shewing his inward rage, by the increasing paleness of his complexion, and a slight compression of his lip. "I thank you for your confidence in me. All that I ask is, that you will not send this note till to-morrow. Allow me to take my leave of you first, and to find in Mr. Linden a successor rather than a rival."

"Your request, my friend," said La Meronville, adjusting her hair, "is but reasonable. I

see that you understand these arrangements, and for my part I think that the end of love should always be the beginning of friendship—let it be so with us!"

"You do me too much honour," said Borodaile, bowing profoundly. "Meanwhile I depend upon your promise, and bid you, as a lover, farewell for ever."

With his usual slow step Lord Borodaile descended the stairs, and walked towards the central *quartier* of town. His meditations were of no soothing nature. "To be seen by that man in a ridiculous and degrading situation—to be pestered with his d—d civility—to be rivalled by him with Lady Flora—to be duped and outdone by him with my mistress! Ay:—all this have I been; but vengeance shall come yet. As for La Meronville, the loss is a gain; and, thank heaven, I did not betray myself by venting my passion and making a scene. But it was

I who ought to have discarded her—not the reverse—and—death and confusion—for that upstart, above all men! And she talked in her letter about his eyes and words. Insolent coxcomb, to dare to have eyes and words for one who belonged to me. Well, well, he shall smart for this. But let me consider—I must not play the jealous fool—must not fight for a *fille Française*—must not show the world that a man, nobody knows who, could really outwit and outdo *me*—me—Francis Borodaile!—No, no—I must throw the insult upon him—must myself be the aggressor—and the challenged; then, too, I shall have the choice of weapons—pistols of course. Where shall I hit him, by the by?—I wish I shot as well as I used to do at Naples. I was in full practice then.—Cursed place, where there was nothing else to do but to practise."

Immersed in these, or somewhat similar reflections, did Lord Borodaile enter Pall Mall.

"Ah, Borodaile!" said Lord St. George, suddenly emerging from a shop. "This is really fortunate—you are going my way exactly—allow me to join you."

Now Lord Borodaile, to say nothing of his happening at that time to be in a mood more than usually unsocial, could never at *any* time bear the thought of being made an instrument of convenience, pleasure, or good fortune to another. He, therefore, with a little resentment at Lord St. George's familiarity, coldly replied, "I am sorry that I cannot avail myself of your offer. I am sure my way is *not* the same as yours."

"Then," replied Lord St. George, who was a good natured, indolent man, who imagined every body was as averse to walking alone as he was—"then I will make *mine* the same as yours."

Borodaile coloured: though always uncivil, he did not like to be excelled in good manners; and therefore replied, that nothing but extreme busi-

ness at White's could have induced him to prefer his own way to that of Lord St. George.

The good-natured peer took Lord Borodaile's arm. It was a natural incident, but it vexed the punctilious viscount, that any man should *take*, not *offer*, the support.

"So, they say," observed Lord St. George, "that young Linden is to marry Lady Flora Ardenne."

"*Les on dits font la gazette des fous*," rejoined Borodaile, with a sneer. "I believe that Lady Flora is little likely to contract such *a mésalliance*."

"*Mésalliance!*" replied Lord St. George. "I thought Linden was of a very old family, which you know the Westboroughs are not, and he has great expectations—"

"Which are never to be realized," interrupted Borodaile, laughing scornfully.

"Ah, indeed!" said Lord St. George se-

riously. "Well, at all events, he is a very agreeable, unaffected young man—and by the by, Borodaile, you will meet him *chez moi* to-day—you know you dine with me?"

"Meet Mr. Linden! I shall be proud to have that honour," said Borodaile, with sparkling eyes: "will Lady Westborough be also of the party?"

"No, poor Lady St. George is very ill, and I have taken the opportunity to ask only men."

"You have done wisely, my lord," said Borodaile, *secum multa revolvens;* "and I assure you I wanted no hint to remind me of your invitation."

Here the Duke of Haverfield joined them. The duke never bowed to any one of the male sex; he therefore *nodded* to Borodaile, who, with a very supercilious formality, took off his hat in returning the salutation. The viscount had at least this merit in his pride, that if it was re-

served to the humble, it was contemptuous to the high: his inferiors he wished to remain where they were; his equals he longed to lower.

"So I dine with you, Lord St. George, to-day," said the duke; "who shall I meet?"

"Lord Borodaile, for one," answered St. George. (The duke smiled at the viscount, and then, loosening his neckcloth, exclaimed, "Hang *these stiffeners*, they derange one entirely.") Lord St. George resumed: "My brother, Aspeden, Findlater, Urbino, and Linden."

"Linden!" cried the duke; "I'm very glad to hear it, *c'est un homme fait exprès pour moi.* He is very clever, and not above playing the fool; has humour without setting up for a wit, and is a good fellow without being a bad man. I like him excessively."

"Lord St. George," said Borodaile, who seemed that day to be the very martyr of the unconscious Clarence, "I wish you good morn-

ing. I have only just remembered an engagement which I *must* keep before I go to White's, *à l'honneur !*"

And with a bow to the duke and a remonstrance from Lord St. George, Borodaile effected his escape. His complexion was, insensibly to himself, more raised than usual, his step more stately; his mind, for the first time for years, was fully excited and engrossed. Ah, what a delightful thing it is for an idle man, who has been dying of ennui, to find an enemy.

CHAPTER XXII.

"You must challenge him;
There's no avoiding—one or both must drop."
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

"Ha, ha, ha—bravo, Linden!" cried Lord St. George, from the head of his splendid board, in approbation of some witticism of Clarence's; and ha, ha, ha! or he, he, he! according to the cachinnatory intonations of the guests, rung around.

"Your lordship seems unwell," said Lord Aspeden to Borodaile, "allow me to take wine with you."

Lord Borodaile bowed his assent.

"Pray," said Mr. St. George to Clarence, "have you seen my friend Talbot lately?"

"This very morning," replied Linden: "indeed, I generally visit him three or four times a week—he often asks after you."

"Indeed!" said Mr. St. George, rather flattered: "he does me much honour; but he is a distinct connection of mine, and I suppose I must attribute his recollection of me to that cause. He is a near relation of yours, too, I think—is he not?"

"I *am* related to him," answered Clarence, colouring.

Lord Borodaile leant forward, and his lip curled. Though, in some respects, a very weak man, he had, as we have said, his good points. He hated a lie as much as Achilles did; and he believed in his heart of hearts that Clarence had just uttered one.

"Why," observed Lord Aspeden, making one of his luminously-unfortunate remarks—"why, Lord Borodaile, the Talbots, of Scarsdale, are branches of *your* genealogical tree; therefore your lordship must be related to Linden:—you are 'two cherries on one stalk!'"

"We are by no means related," said Lord Borodaile, with a distinct and clear voice, intended expressly for Clarence; "that is an honour which I must beg leave most positively to disclaim."

There was a dead silence—the eyes of all who heard a remark so intentionally rude were turned immediately towards Clarence. His cheek burnt like fire; he hesitated a moment, and then said, in the same key, though with a little trembling in his intonation—

"Lord Borodaile cannot be more anxious to disclaim it than I am."

"And yet," returned the viscount, stung to

the soul, "they who advance false pretensions ought at least to support them!"

"I do not understand you, my Lord," said Clarence.

"Possibly not," answered Borodaile, carelessly: "there is a maxim which says that people not accustomed to speak truth cannot comprehend it in others."

Unlike the generality of modern heroes, who are always in a passion—off-hand, dashing fellows, in whom irascibility is a virtue, Clarence was peculiarly sweet-tempered by nature, and had, by art, acquired a command over all his passions to a degree very uncommon in so young a man. He made no reply to the inexcusable affront he had received. His lip quivered a little, and the flush of his countenance was succeeded by an extreme paleness—this was all: he did not even leave the room immediately, but waited till the silence was broken

by some well-bred member of the party; and then, pleading an early engagement as an excuse for his retiring so soon, he rose, and departed.

There was throughout the room an universal feeling of sympathy with the affront, and indignation against the offender; for, to say nothing of Clarence's popularity, and the extreme dislike in which Lord Borodaile was held, there could be no doubt as to the wantonness of the outrage or the moderation of the aggrieved party. Lord Borodaile already felt the punishment of his offence: his very pride, while it rendered him indifferent to the spirit, had hitherto kept him scrupulous as to the formalities of *les bienséances de société*; and he could not but see the grossness with which he had suffered himself to violate them, and the light in which his conduct was regarded. However, this internal discomfort only rendered him the

more embittered against Clarence, and the more confirmed in his revenge. Resuming, by a strong effort, all the external indifference habitual to his manner, he attempted to enter into a conversation with those of the party who were next to him; but his remarks produced answers brief and cold: even Lord Aspeden forgot his diplomacy and his smile; Lord St. George replied to his observations by a monosyllable; and the Duke of Haverfield, for the first time in his life, asserted the prerogative which his rank gave him of setting the example — his grace did not reply to Lord Borodaile at all. In truth, every one present was seriously displeased. All civilized societies have a paramount interest in repressing the rude. Nevertheless, Lord Borodaile bore the brunt of his unpopularity with a steadiness and unembarrassed composure worthy of a better cause; and finding, at last, a companion disposed to be

loquacious in the person of Sir Christopher Findlater, (whose good heart, though its first impulse resented more violently than that of any heart present the discourtesy of the viscount, yet soon warmed to the *désagrémens* of his situation, and hastened to adopt its favourite maxim of forgive and forget), Lord Borodaile sat the meeting out; and if he did not leave the latest, he was, at least, not the first to follow Clarence.—*L'orgueil ou donne le courage, ou il y supplée.*

Meanwhile Linden had returned to his solitary home. He hastened to his room—locked the door—flung himself on his sofa, and burst into a violent and almost feminine paroxysm of tears. This fit lasted for more than an hour; and when Clarence at length stilled the indignant swellings of his heart, and rose from his supine position, he started, as his eye fell upon the opposite mirror, so haggard and exhausted

seemed the forced and fearful calmness of his countenance. With a hurried step—with arms now folded on his bosom—now wildly tossed from him, and the hand so firmly clenched, that the very bones seemed working through the skin—with a brow now fierce, now only dejected—and a complexion which one while burnt as with the crimson flush of a fever, and at another was wan and colourless, like his whose cheek a spectre has blanched—Clarence paced his apartment, the victim not only of shame—the bitterest of tortures to a young and high mind—but of other contending feelings, which alternately exasperated and palsied his wrath, and gave to his resolves at one moment an almost savage ferocity, and at the next an almost cowardly vacillation.

The clock had just struck the hour of twelve, when a knock at the door announced a visitor. Steps were heard on the stairs, and presently a

tap at Clarence's room-door. He unlocked it, and the Duke of Haverfield entered.

"*Je suis charmé de vous voir*," cried the Duke, with his usual half kind, half careless address. "I was resolved to call upon you, and be the first to offer my services in this unpleasant affair."

Clarence pressed the Duke's hand, but made no answer.

"Nothing could be so unhandsome as Lord Borodaile's conduct," continued the Duke. "I hope you both fence and shoot well. I shall never forgive you, if you do not put an end to that piece of rigidity."

Clarence continued to walk about the room in great agitation—the Duke looked at him with some surprise. At last Linden paused by the window, and said, half unconsciously—"It must be so—I cannot avoid fighting."

"Avoid fighting!" cried his grace, in undis-

guised astonishment. " No, indeed—but that is the least part of the matter—you must kill as well as fight him."

" Kill *him!*" cried Clarence wildly, " whom!" and then sinking into a chair, he covered his face with his hands for a few moments, and seemed to struggle with his emotions.

" Well," thought the duke, " I never was more mistaken in my life. I could have bet my black horse against Trevanion's Julia, which is certainly the most worthless thing I know, that Linden had been a brave fellow; but these English heroes always go into fits at a duel: one manages such things, as Sterne says, better in France."

Clarence now rose, calm and collected. He sat down—wrote a brief note to Borodaile, demanding the fullest apology, or the earliest meeting—put it into the duke's hands, and said, with a faint smile, " My dear duke, dare

I ask you to be second to a man who has been so grievously affronted, and whose genealogy has been so disputed?"

"My dear Linden," said Haverfield, warmly, "I have always been grateful to my station in life for this advantage, the freedom with which it has enabled me to select my own acquaintance, and to follow my own pursuits. I am now more grateful to it than ever, because it has given me a better opportunity than I should otherwise have had of serving one whom I have always esteemed. In entering into your quarrel I shall at least shew the world, that there are some men, not inferior in pretensions to Lord Borodaile, who despise arrogance and resent overbearance even to others. Your cause, I consider the common cause of society; but I shall take it up, if you will allow me, with the distinguishing zeal of a friend."

Clarence who was much affected by the kind-

ness of this speech, replied in a similar vein, and the duke having read and approved the letter, rose. "There is in my opinion," said he, "no time to be lost. I will go to Borodaile this very evening—adieu, *mon cher* : you shall kill the Argus, and then carry off the Io. I feel in a double passion with that ambulating poker, who is only malleable when he is red hot, when I think how honourably scrupulous you were with La Meronville last night, notwithstanding all her advances; but I go to bury Cæsar, not to scold him.—*Au revoir*."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"*Conon.*—You're well met, Crates.
Crates.—If we part so, Conon."
Queen of Corinth.

It was, as might be expected from the character of the aggressor! Lord Borodaile refused all apology, and agreed with avidity to a speedy rendezvous. He chose pistols (choice, then, was not merely nominal), and selected Mr. Percy Bobus for his second, a gentleman who was much fonder of acting in that capacity, than in the more honourable one of a principal. The author of "Lacon," a very brilliant collection of common

places, says, "that if all seconds were as averse to duels as their principals, there would be very little blood spilt in that way;" and it was certainly astonishing to compare the zeal with which Mr. Bobus busied himself about this "affair," with that testified by him on another occasion, when he himself was more immediately concerned.

The morning came. Bobus breakfasted with his friend. "Damn it, Borodaile," said he, as the latter was receiving the ultimate polish of the *friseur*, "I never saw you look better in my life. It will be a great pity if that fellow shoots you."

"Shoots *me!*" said Lord Borodaile, very quietly, "*me*—no!—that is *quite* out of the question; but, joking apart, Bobus, I will not kill the young man. Where shall I hit him?"

"In the cap of the knee," said Mr. Percy, breaking an egg.

"Nay, that will lame him for life," said Lord Borodaile, putting on his cravat with peculiar exactitude.

"Serve him right," said Mr. Bobus. "Hang him, I never got up so early in my life—it's quite impossible to eat at this hour. Oh—apropos, Borodaile, have you left any little memoranda for me to execute?"

"Memoranda!—for what?" said Borodaile, who had now just finished his toilet.

"Oh!" rejoined Mr. Percy Bobus, "in case of accident, you know: the man may shoot well, though I never saw him in the gallery."

"Pray," said Lord Borodaile, in a great though suppressed passion, "pray, Mr. Bobus, how often have I to tell you, that it is not by Mr. Linden that my days are to terminate; you are sure that Carabine saw to that trigger."

"Certain," said Mr. Percy, with his mouth-

full, "certain—God bless me, here's the carriage, and breakfast not half done yet."

"Come, come," cried Borodaile, impatiently, "we must breakfast afterwards. Here, Roberts, see that we have fresh chocolate, and some more *rognons* when we return."

"I would rather have them now," sighed Mr. Bobus, foreseeing the possibility of the return being single—Ibis ! redibis ? &c.

"Come, we have not a moment to lose," exclaimed Borodaile, hastening down the stairs; and Mr. Percy Bobus followed, with a strange mixture of various regrets, partly for the breakfast that *was* lost, and partly for the friend that *might be*.

When they arrived at the ground, Clarence and the duke were already there: the latter, who was a dead shot, had fully persuaded himself that Clarence was equally adroit, and had, in his providence for Borodaile, brought a sur-

geon. This was a circumstance of which the viscount, in the plenitude of his confidence for himself and indifference for his opponent, had never once dreamt.

The ground was measured—the parties were about to take their ground. All Linden's former agitation was vanished—his mien was firm, grave, and determined, but he shewed none of the careless and fierce hardihood which characterized his adversary; on the contrary, a close observer might have remarked something sad and dejected amidst all the tranquillity and steadiness of his brow and air.

"For Heaven's sake," whispered the duke, as he withdrew from the spot, "square your body a little more to your left, and remember your exact level. Borodaile is much shorter than you."

There was a brief, dread pause—the signal was given—Borodaile fired—his ball pierced Cla-

rence's side; the wounded man staggered one step, but fell not. He raised his pistol; Haverfield bent eagerly forward; an expression of disappointment and surprise passed his lips: Clarence had fired in the air. The next moment Linden felt a deadly sickness come over him—he fell into the arms of the surgeon. Borodaile, touched by a forbearance which he had had so little right to expect, hastened to the spot. He leaned over his adversary in greater remorse and pity than he would have readily confessed to himself. Clarence unclosed his eyes; they dwelt for one moment upon the subdued and earnest countenance of Borodaile.

"Thank God," he said faintly, "that *you* were not the victim," and with those words he fell back insensible. They carried him to his lodgings. His wound was accurately examined. Though not mortal, it was of a dangerous

nature; and the surgeons ended a very painful operation, by promising a very lingering recovery.

What a charming satisfaction for being insulted!

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Je me contente de ce qui peut s'écrire, et je rêve tout ce qui peut se rêver."

DE SEVIGNE.

ABOUT a week after his wound, and the second morning of his return to sense and consciousness, when Clarence opened his eyes, they fell upon a female form seated watchfully and anxiously by his bed-side. He raised himself in mute surprise, and the figure, startled by the motion, rose, drew the curtain, and vanished. With great difficulty he rang his bell. His valet, Harrison, on whose mind, though it was of

no very exalted order, the kindness and suavity of his master had made a great impression, instantly appeared.

"Who was that lady?" asked Linden. "How came she here?"

Harrison smiled—"Oh, Sir,—pray please to sit down, and make yourself easy: the lady knows you very well, and *would* come here; she insists upon staying in the house, so we made up a bed in the drawing-room, and she has watched by you night and day. She speaks very little English, to be sure, but your honour knows, begging your pardon, how well I speak French."

"French!" said Clarence, faintly—"French? In Heaven's name, who is she?"

"A Madame—Madame—La Melon-veal, or some such name, Sir," said the valet.

Clarence fell back.—At that moment his hand was pressed. He turned, and saw Talbot by his

side. The kind old man had not suffered La Meronville to be Linden's only nurse—notwithstanding his age and peculiarity of habits, he had fixed his abode all the day in Clarence's house, and at night, instead of returning to his own home, had taken up his lodgings at the nearest hotel.

With a jealous and anxious eye to the real interest and respectability of his adopted son, Talbot had exerted all his address, and even all his power, to induce La Meronville, who had made her settlement previous to Talbot's to quit the house, but in vain. With that obstinacy which a Frenchwoman, when she is sentimental, mistakes for nobility of heart, the *ci-devant amante* of Lord Borodaile insisted upon watching and tending one, of whose sufferings, she said and believed, she was the unhappy, though innocent cause; and whenever more urgent means of removal were hinted at, La Meronville flew

to the chamber of her beloved, apostrophized him in a strain worthy of one of D'Arlincourt's heroines, and, in short, was so unreasonably outrageous, that the doctors, trembling for the safety of their patient, obtained from Talbot a forced and reluctant acquiescence in her *séjour.*

Ah! what a terrible creature a Frenchwoman is, when, instead of coquetting with a *caprice*, she insists upon conceiving a *grande passion.* Little, however, did Clarence, despite his vexation, when he learnt of the *bienveillance* of La Meronville, foresee the whole extent of the consequences it would entail upon him: still less did Talbot, who in his seclusion knew not the celebrity of the handsome adventuress, calculate upon the notoriety of her motions, or the ill effect her ostentatious attachment would have upon Clarence's prosperity as a lover to Lady Flora. In order to explain these consequences more fully, let us, for the present, leave our

hero to the care of the surgeon, his friends, and his would be mistress; and while he is more rapidly recovering than the doctors either hoped or presaged, let us renew our acquaintance with a fair correspondent—for whose letters, though those of neither a Sévigné nor a D'Epinay, we profess some kindness, and a little interest.

LETTER FROM THE LADY FLORA ARDENNE, TO MISS ELEANOR TREVANION.

"My dearest Eleanor,

"I have been very ill, or you would sooner have received an answer to your kind—too kind and consoling letter. Indeed I have only just left my bed: they say that I have been delirious, and I believe it; for you cannot conceive what terrible dreams I have had. But these are all over now, and every one is so kind to me—

my poor mother above all! It is a pleasant thing to be ill when we have those who love us to watch our recovery.

"I have only been in bed a few days; yet it seems to me as if a long portion of my existence were past—as if I had stepped into a new era. You remember that my last letter attempted to express my feelings at mamma's speech about Clarence, and at my seeing him so suddenly. Now, dearest, I cannot but look on that day, on these sensations, as on a distant dream. Every one is so kind to me, mamma caresses and soothes me so fondly, that I fancy I must have been under some illusion. I am sure they could not seriously have meant to forbid *his* addresses. No, no: I feel that all will yet be well—so well, that even you, who are of so contented a temper, will own, that if you were not Eleanor you would be Flora.

"I wonder whether Clarence knows that I have

been ill. I wish you knew him: he is just your style of beauty. Such eyes and forehead—such a perfect and noble figure, and an address that would have made Diana forswear Endymion. You see that I have not forgotten my mythology; indeed I produce it on all occasions with such a learned air, that mamma has lately insinuated bitter reproaches against *les femmes savantes*, and has, positively, quite insulted Mrs. Montague. You know that mammas, be their dimples ever so pretty, do not always smile; and that the brightest eyes in the world can give cross glances now and then. Well, dearest, this letter—a very unhandsome return, I own, for your's—must content you at present, for they will not let me write more—though, so far as I am concerned, I am never so weak, in frame I mean, but what I could scribble to *you* about *him*.

" *Addio – carissima.*

"F. A."

"I have prevailed on mamma, who wished to sit by me and amuse me, to go to the Opera to-night, the only amusement of which she is particularly fond. Heaven forgive me for my insincerity, but *he* always comes into our box, and I long to hear some news of him."

LETTER.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"ELEANOR, dearest Eleanor, I am again very ill, but not as I was before, ill from a foolish vexation of mind: no, I am now calm, and even happy. It was from an increase of cold only that I have suffered a relapse. You may believe this, I assure you, in spite of your well-meant but bitter jests upon my infatuation, as you very rightly call it, for Mr. Linden. You ask

me what news from the Opera? Silly girl that I was, to lie awake, hour after hour, and refuse even to take my draught, lest I should be surprised into sleep, till mamma returned. I sent Jermyn down directly I heard her knock at the door, (oh, how anxiously I had listened for it!) to say that I was still awake, and longed to see her. So, of course, mamma came up, and felt my pulse, and said it was very feverish, and wondered the draught had not composed me—with a great deal more to the same purpose, which I bore as patiently as I could, till it was my turn to talk; and then I admired her dress and her *coiffure*, and asked if it was a full house, and whether the *prima donna* was in voice, &c. &c.; till, at last, I won my way to the inquiry of who were her visitors. 'Lord Borodaile,' said she, 'and the Duke of ——, and Mr. St. George, and Captain Leslie, and Mr. De Retz, and many others.' I felt so

disappointed, Eleanor, but did not dare ask whether he was not of the list? till, at last, my mother observing me narrowly, said—'And, by the by, Mr. Linden looked in for a few minutes. I am glad, my dearest Flora, that I spoke to you so decidedly about him the other day.' 'Why? mamma,' said I, hiding my face under the clothes. 'Because,' said she, in rather a raised voice, 'he was quite unworthy of you!—but it is late now, and you should go to sleep—to-morrow I will tell you more.' I would have given worlds to press the question then, but could not venture. Mamma kissed and left me. I tried to twist her words into a hundred meanings, but in each I only thought that they were dictated by some worldly information—some new doubts as to his birth or fortune; and, though that supposition distressed me greatly, yet it could not alter my love, or deprive me of hope; and so I cried, and guessed,

and guessed, and cried, till at last I cried myself to sleep.

"When I awoke, mamma was already up, and sitting beside me; she talked to me for more than an hour upon ordinary subjects, till at last, perceiving how *distrait*, and even impatient I appeared, she dismissed Jermyn, and spoke to me thus:—

"'You know, Flora, that I have always loved you, more perhaps than I ought to have done, more certainly than I have loved your brothers and sisters; but you were my eldest child, my first-born, and all the happy associations of a mother are blent and entwined with you. You may be sure therefore that I have ever had only your happiness in view, and that it is only with a regard to that end that I now speak to you.'

"I was a little frightened, Eleanor, by this opening, but I was much more touched, so I

took mamma's hand and kissed, and wept silently over it;—she continued: 'I observed Mr. Linden's attention to you, at ——; I knew nothing more of his rank and birth then, than I do at present; but his situation in the embassy and his personal appearance, naturally induced me to suppose him a gentleman of family, and, therefore, if not a great, at least not an inferior match for you, so far as worldly distinctions are concerned. Added to this, he was uncommonly handsome, and had that general reputation for talent which is often better than actual wealth or hereditary titles. I therefore did not check, though I would not encourage any attachment you might form for him; and nothing being declared or decisive on either side when we left ——, I imagined that if your flirtation with him, did even amount to a momentary and girlish phantasy, absence and change of scene would easily and rapidly efface the impression. I believe that in a great mea-

sure it *was* effaced, when Lord Aspeden returned to England, and with him, Mr. Linden. You again met the latter in society almost as constantly as before; a caprice nearly conquered, was once more renewed; and in my anxiety that you should marry, not for aggrandizement, but happiness, I own, to my sorrow, that I rather favoured than forbade his addresses. The young man—remember Flora—appeared in society as the nephew and heir of a gentleman of ancient family and considerable property; he was rising in diplomacy, popular in the world, and, so far as we could see, of irreproachable character: this must plead my excuse for tolerating his visits, without instituting further inquiries respecting him, and allowing your attachment to proceed without ascertaining how far it had yet extended. I was awakened to a sense of my indiscretion, by an inquiry, which Mr. Linden's popularity rendered general, viz.: if Mr.

Talbot was his uncle—who was his father—who his more immediate relations? and at that time Lord Borodaile informed us of the falsehood, he had either asserted or allowed to be spread, in claiming Mr. Talbot as his relation. This you will observe entirely altered the situation of Mr. Linden with respect to you. Not only his rank in life became uncertain, but suspicious. Nor was this all: his very personal respectability was no longer unimpeachable. Was this dubious and intrusive person, without a name, and with a sullied honour, to be your suitor? No, Flora; and it was from this indignant conviction that I spoke to you some days since. Forgive me, my child, if I was less cautious, less confidential, than I am now. I did not imagine the wound was so deep, and thought that I should best cure you by seeming unconscious of your danger. The case is now changed; your illness has convinced me of my fault, and the extent of

your unhappy attachment; but will my own dear child pardon me if I still continue, if I even confirm my disapproval of her choice? Last night at the Opera Mr. Linden entered my box. I own that I was cooler to him than usual. He soon left us, and after the Opera I saw him with the Duke of Haverfield, one of the most incorrigible *roués* of the day, leading out a woman of notoriously bad character, and of the most ostentatious profligacy. He might have had some propriety, some decency, some concealment at least, but he passed just before me—before the mother of the woman to whom his vows of honourable attachment were due, and who at that very instant was suffering from her infatuation for him. Now, Flora, for this man, an obscure, and possibly a plebeian adventurer—whose only claim to notice has been founded on falsehood—whose only merit, a love of you, has been, if not utterly destroyed, at

least polluted and debased—for this man, poor alike in fortune, character and honour, can you any longer profess affection or esteem?'

"'Never, never, never!' cried I, springing from the bed, and throwing myself upon my mother's neck: 'Never: I am your own Flora once more. I will never suffer any one again to make me forget you,'—and then I sobbed so violently that mamma was frightened, and made me lie down, and left me to sleep. Several hours have passed since then, and I could not sleep nor think, and I would not cry, for he is no longer worthy of my tears; so I have written to you.

"Oh, how I despise and hate myself for having so utterly, in my vanity and folly, forgotten my mother, that dear, kind, constant friend, who never cost me a single tear, but for my own ingratitude. Think, Eleanor, what an affront to me—to me, who, he so often said, had made

all other women worthless in his eyes. Do I hate him? No, I cannot hate. Do I despise? No, I will not despise, but I will forget him, and keep my contempt and hatred for myself.

"God bless you—I am worn out. Write soon, or rather come, if possible, to your affectionate but unworthy friend,

"F. A."

"Good Heavens! Eleanor, he is wounded. He has fought with Lord Borodaile. I have just heard it; Jermyn told me. Can it, can it be true? What,—what have I said against him? Hate?—forget? No, no: I never loved him till now."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

(After an interval of several weeks.)

"TIME has flown, my Eleanor, since you left me, after your short but kind visit, with a

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW

heavy but healing wing. I do not think I shall ever again be the giddy girl I have been; but my head will change, not my heart; *that* was never giddy, and that shall still be as much yours as ever. You are wrong in thinking I have not forgotten, at least renounced all affection for, Mr. Linden. I have, though with a long and bitter effort. The woman for whom he fought went, you know, to his house, immediately on hearing of his wound. She has continued with him ever since. He had the audacity to write to me once; my mother brought me the note, and said nothing. She read my heart aright. I returned it unopened. He has even called since his convalescence. Mamma was not at home to him. I hear that he looks pale and altered. I hope not—at least I cannot resist praying for his recovery. I stay within entirely; the season is now over, and there are no parties: but I tremble at the thought of meeting him even in the Park or

the Gardens. Papa talks of going into the country next week. I cannot tell you how eagerly I look forward to it; and you will then come and see me—will you not, dearest Eleanor?

"Ah! what happy days we will have yet; we will read Italian together, as we used to do; you shall teach me your songs, and I will instruct you in mine: we will keep birds as we did—let me see—eight years ago. You will never talk to me of my folly: let that be as if it had never been; but I will wonder with you about your future choice, and grow happy in anticipating your happiness. Oh, how selfish I was some weeks ago—then I could only overwhelm you with my egotisms; now, Eleanor, it is your turn, and you shall see how patiently I will listen to your's. Never fear that you can be too prolix: the diffuser you are, the easier I shall forgive myself.

"Are you fond of poetry, Eleanor? I used to

say so, but I never felt that I was till lately. I will shew you my favourite passages, in my favourite poets, when you come to see me. You shall see if your's correspond with mine. I am so impatient to leave this horrid town, where every thing seems dull, yet feverish—insipid, yet false. Shall we not be happy when we meet? If your dear aunt will come with you, she shall see how I (that is, my mind) am improved.

"Farewell.

"Ever your most affectionate,

"F. A."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Brave Talbot, we will follow thee."
Henry the Sixth.

"My letter insultingly returned—myself refused admittance—not a single inquiry made during my illness—indifference joined to positive contempt. By heaven, it is insupportable!"

"My dear Clarence," said Talbot, to his young friend, who, fretful from pain, and writhing beneath his mortification, walked to and fro his chamber, with an impatient stride; "My dear Clarence, do sit down, and not irritate your

wound by such violent exercise. I am as much enraged as yourself at the treatment you have received, and no less at a loss to account for it. Your duel, however unfortunate the event, must have done you credit, and obtained you a reputation both for generosity and spirit; so that it cannot be to that occurrence that you are to attribute the change. Let us rather suppose that Lady Flora's attachment to you has become evident to her father and mother—that they naturally think it would be very undesirable to marry their daughter to a man whose family nobody knows, and whose respectability he is forced into fighting in order to support. Suffer me then to call upon Lady Westborough, whom I knew many years ago, and explain your origin, as well as your relationship to me."

Linden paused irresolutely.

"Were I sure that Lady Flora was not utterly influenced by her mother's worldly views,

I would gladly consent to your proposal—but—"

"Forgive me, Clarence," cried Talbot; "but you really argue much more like a very young man than I ever heard you do before—even four years ago. To be sure Lady Flora *is* influenced by her mother's views. Would you have her otherwise? Would you have her, in defiance of all propriety, modesty, obedience to her parents, and right feeling for herself, encourage an attachment to a person not only unknown, but who does not even condescend to throw off the incognito to the woman he addresses? Come, Clarence, give me my instructions, and let me act as your ambassador to-morrow."

Clarence was silent.

"I may consider it settled then," replied Talbot: "meanwhile you shall come home and stay with me: the pure air of the country, even so near town, will do you more good than all the

doctors in London; and, besides, you will thus be enabled to escape from that persecuting Frenchwoman."

"In what manner?" said Clarence.

"Why, when you are in my house, she cannot well take up her abode with you; and you shall, while I am forwarding your suit with Lady Flora, write a very flattering, very grateful letter of excuses to Madame la Meronville. But leave me alone to draw it up for you; meanwhile, let Harrison pack up your clothes and medicines, and we will effect our escape while Madame la Meronville yet sleeps."

Clarence rung the bell; the orders were given, executed, and, in less than an hour, he and his friend were on their road to Talbot's villa.

As they drove slowly through the grounds to the house, Clarence was sensibly struck with the quiet and stillness which breathed around.

On either side of the road, the honey-suckle and rose cast their sweet scents to the summer wind, which, though it was scarcely noon, stirred freshly among the trees, and waved, as if it breathed a second youth over the wan cheek of the convalescent. The windows of the house, which was now just before them, were partially unclosed, and the blinds flapped idly within, as if even they were glad to have a holiday with the cheerful breezes in their master's absence. Pretty idea that, Reader—Cowley would have made a good deal of it. The old servant's ear had caught the sound of wheels, and he came to the door, with an expression of quiet delight on his dry countenance, to welcome in his master. They had lived together for so many years, that they were grown like one another. Indeed, the veteran valet prided himself on his happy adoption of his master's dress and manner. A proud man, we ween, was

that domestic, whenever he had time and listeners for the indulgence of his honest loquacity: many an ancient tale of his master's former glories was then poured from his unburthening remembrance. With what a glow, with what a racy enjoyment did he expand upon the triumphs of the past; how eloquently did he particularize the exact grace with which *young* Mr. Talbot was wont to enter the room, in which he instantly became the cynosure of ladies' eyes; how faithfully did he minute the courtly dress, the exquisite choice of colour, the costly splendour of material, which were the envy of gentles, and the despairing wonder of their valets; and then the zest with which the good old man would cry—"I dressed the boy!" Even still, this modern Scipio (Gil Blas' Scipio, not Rome's) would not believe that his master's sun was utterly set: he was only in a temporary retirement, and would, one day or

other, reappear and reastonish the London world. "I would give my right arm," Jasper was wont to say, "to see master at court. How fond the king would be of him.—Ah! well, well; I wish he was not so melancholy like with his books, but would go out like other people!"

Poor Jasper! time is, in general, a harsh wizard in his transformations; but the change thou didst lament so bitterly, was happier for thy master than all his former "palmy state" of admiration and homage. "*Nous avons recherché le plaisir*," says Rousseau, in his own inimitable antithesis—"*et le bonheur a fui loin de nous.*" But, in the pursuit of pleasure, we pick up some stray flowers of wisdom, and when that pursuit is over, happiness will come at last to our prayers, and help us to extract and hive the honey which these flowers will afford us.

Talbot leant kindly upon his servant's arm as

he descended from the carriage, and inquired after his rheumatism with the anxiety of a friend. The old housekeeper, waiting in the hall, next received his attention; and in entering the drawing-room with that consideration, even to animals, which his worldly benevolence had taught him, he paused to notice and caress a large grey cat which rubbed herself against his legs. Let me tell you, Mr. Reader, that there is some pleasure in making even a grey cat happy!

Clarence having patiently undergone all the shrugs, and sighs, and exclamations of compassion at his reduced and wan appearance, which are the especial prerogatives of ancient domestics, followed the old man into the room. Papers and books, though carefully dusted, were left scrupulously in the places in which Talbot had last deposited them—(incomparable good fortune! what would we not give for such chamber

hand-maidens!)—fresh flowers were in all the stands and vases; the large library chair was jealously set in its accustomed place, and all wore, to Talbot's eyes, that cheerful yet sober look of welcome and familiarity which makes a friend of our house.

Clarence placed himself by the open window, and Talbot, rejoicing in the recovered shades of his crimson curtains, took his seat in the most favourable position his experience could select. The old man was in high spirits—

"I know not how it is," said he, "but I feel younger than ever! You have often expressed a wish to see my family seat at Scarsdale: it is certainly a great distance from hence; but if you will be my *compagnon de voyage*, I think I will try and crawl there before the summer is over; or, what say you, Clarence, shall I lend it to you and Lady Flora for the honey-moon?—You blush!—A diplomatist blush!—Ah, how

the world has changed since my time! But come, Clarence, suppose you write to La Meronville?"

"Not to-day, Sir, if you please," said Linden—"I feel so very weak."

"As you please, Clarence; but some years hence you will learn the value of the present. Youth is always a procrastinator, and, consequently, always a penitent!" And thus Talbot ran on into a strain of conversation, half serious, half gay, which lasted till Clarence went up stairs to lie down and muse on Lady Flora Ardenne.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"La vie est un sommeil.—Les vieillards sont ceux dont le sommeil a été plus long: ils ne commencent à se réveiller que quand il faut mourir."

La Bruyere.

"You wonder why I have never turned author, with my constant love of literature, and my former desire of fame," said Talbot, as he and Clarence sate alone after dinner, 'discussing many things:' "the fact is, that I have often intended it, and as often been frightened from my design. Those terrible feuds—those vehement altercations—that recri-

mination of eloquent abuse, which seem inseparable from literary life, appear to me too dreadful for a man not utterly hardened or malevolent, voluntarily to encounter. Good Heavens! what acerbity sours the blood of an author! The manifestos of opposing generals, advancing to pillage, to burn, to destroy, contain not a tithe of the ferocity which animates the pages of literary controversialists! No term of reproach is too severe, no vituperation too excessive!—the blackest passions, the bitterest, the meanest malice, pour caustic and poison upon every page! It seems as if the greatest talents, the most elaborate knowledge, only sprung from the weakest and worst regulated mind, as exotics from dung. The private records, the public works of men of letters teem with an immitigable fury! Their histories might all be reduced into these sentences—they were born—they quarrelled—they died!"

"But," said Clarence, "it would matter little to the world if these quarrels were confined merely to poets and men of imaginative literature, in whom irritability is perhaps almost necessarily allied to the keen and quick susceptibilities which constitute their genius. These are more to be lamented and wondered at among philosophers, theologians, and men of science; the coolness, the patience, the benevolence, which ought to characterize their works, should at least moderate their jealousy, and soften their disputes."

"Ah!" said Talbot, "but the vanity of discovery is no less acute than that of creation; the self-love of a philosopher is no less self-love than that of a poet. Besides, those sects the most sure of their opinions, whether in religion or science, are always the most bigoted and persecuting. Moreover, nearly all men deceive themselves in disputes, and imagine that they

are intolerant, not through private jealousy, but public benevolence; they never declaim against the injustice done to themselves—no, it is the terrible injury *done to society* which grieves and inflames them. It is not the bitter expressions against *their* dogmas which gives them pain: by no means; it is the atrocious doctrines—so prejudicial to the country, if in politics—so pernicious to the world, if in philosophy—which their duty, not their vanity, induces them to denounce and anathematize. Look at Warburton's view of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophy! was there ever such delusion in argument? yet that delusion blinded his own mind more than it ever did that of his reader: and the episcopal champion, no doubt, thought he was wonderfully just, when he was only wonderfully abusive."

"There seems," said Clarence, "to be a sort of re-action in sophistry and hypocrisy;

there has, perhaps, never been a deceiver who was not himself, by his own passions, the deceived."

"Very true," said Talbot: "and it is a pity that historians have not kept that fact in view; we should then have had a better notion of the Cromwells and Mahomets of the past, than we have now, nor judged as those utter impostors who were probably half dupes. But to return to myself. I think you will already be able to answer your own question, why I did not turn author, now that we have given a momentary consideration to the *désagrémens* consequent on such a profession. But in truth, now at the close of my life, I often regret that I had not more courage, for there is in us all a certain restlessness in the persuasion, whether true or false, of superior knowledge or intellect, and this urges us on to the proof; or, if we resist its impulse, renders us discontented with our idle-

ness and disappointed with the past. I have every thing now in my possession which it has been the desire of my late years to enjoy; health, retirement, successful study, and the affection of one, in whose breast, when I am gone, my memory will not utterly pass away. With these advantages, added to the gifts of fortune, and an habitual elasticity of spirit, I confess that my happiness is not free from a biting and frequent regret: I would fain have been a better citizen; I would fain have died in the consciousness, not only that I had improved my mind to the utmost, but that I had turned that improvement to the benefit of my fellow-creatures. As it is, in living wholly for myself, I feel that my philosophy has wanted generosity: and my indifference to glory has proceeded from a weakness, not, as I once persuaded myself, from a virtue; but the fruitlessness of my existence has been the consequence of the

arduous frivolities and the petty objects in which my early years were consumed; and my mind, in losing the enjoyments which it formerly possessed, had no longer the vigour to create for itself a new soil, from which labour it could only hope for more valuable fruits. It is no contradiction to see those who most eagerly courted society in their youth, shrink from it the most sensitively in their age; for those who possess certain advantages, and are morbidly vain of them, will naturally be disposed to seek that sphere for which those advantages are best calculated; and when youth and its concomitants depart, the vanity so long fed still remains, and perpetually mortifies them by recalling not so much the qualities they have lost as the esteem which accompanied their possession, and by contrasting not so much their own present alteration, as the change they experience in the respect and consideration of others. What wonder, then,

that they eagerly fly from the world, which has only mortification for their self-love, or that we find in biography how often the most assiduous votaries of pleasure have become the most rigid of recluses? For my part, I think that that love of solitude which the ancients so eminently possessed, and which, to this day, is considered by some as the sign of a great mind, nearly always arises from a tenderness of vanity, easily wounded in the commerce of the rough world; and that it is from disappointment that the hermitage is wrought. Diderot did right, even at the risk of offending Rousseau, to write against solitude. The more a moralist binds man to man, and forbids us to divorce our interests from our kind, the more effectually is the end of morality obtained. They only are justifiable in seclusion who, like the Greek philosophers, make that very seclusion the means of serving and enlightening their race—who from their retreats send

forth their oracles of wisdom, and make the desert which surrounds them eloquent with the voice of truth. But remember, Clarence, (and let my life, useless in itself, have at least this moral,) that for him who in nowise cultivates his talent for the benefit of others; who is contented with being a good hermit at the expense of being a bad citizen; who looks from his retreat upon a life wasted in the *difficiles nugæ* of the most frivolous part of the world, nor redeems in the closet the time he has mis-spent in the saloon; remember, that for him seclusion loses its dignity, philosophy its comfort, benevolence its hope, and even religion its balm. Knowledge, unemployed, will preserve us from vice; for vice is but another name for ignorance; but *knowledge employed is virtue.* Perfect happiness, in our present state, is impossible; for Hobbes says justly, that our nature is inseparable from desires, and that the very word desire (the craving

for something not possessed) implies that our present felicity is not complete. But there is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness; it is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others. In that one maxim is concentrated whatever is noble in morality, sublime in religion, or unanswerable in truth. In that pursuit we have *all* scope for whatever is excellent in our hearts, and *none* for the petty passions which our nature is heir to. There, whatever be our errors, there will be nobility not weakness in our remorse; whatever our failure, virtue not selfishness in our regret; and in success, vanity itself will become holy and triumph eternal. As astrologers were wont to receive upon metals, 'the benign aspect of the stars, so as to detain and fix, as it were, the felicity of that hour which would otherwise be volatile and fugitive,'* even so will that success leave imprinted upon

our memory a blessing which cannot pass away—preserve for ever upon our names, as on a signet, the hallowed influence of the hour in which our great end was effected, and treasure up 'the relics of heaven'* in the sanctuary of an human fame."

As the old man ceased, there was a faint and hectic flush over his face, and an impress of enthusiasm on his countenance, which age made almost holy, and which Clarence had never observed there before. In truth, his young listener was deeply affected, and the advice of his adopted parent was afterwards impressed with a more awful solemnity upon his remembrance. Already he had acquired much worldly lore from Talbot's precepts and conversation. He had obtained even something better than worldly lore—a kindly and indulgent disposition to his fellow-creatures; for he had seen that foibles were not

inconsistent with generous and great qualities, and that we judge wrongly of human nature, when we ridicule its littleness. The very circumstances which make the shallow misanthropical, incline the wise to be benevolent. Fools discover that frailty is not incompatible with great men; they wonder and despise: but the discerning find that greatness is not incompatible with frailty, and they admire and indulge.

But a still greater benefit than this of toleration, did Clarence derive from the commune of that night. He became strengthened in his honourable ambition, and nerved to unrelaxing exertion. The recollection of Talbot's last words, on that night, occurred to him often and often, when sick at heart, and languid with baffled hope!—it roused him from that gloom and despondency which are always unfavourable to virtue, and incited him once more to that

labour in the vineyard which, whether our hour be late or early, will, if earnest and devoted, obtain a blessing and reward.

The hour was now waxing late, and Talbot, mindful of his companion's health, rose to retire. As he pressed Clarence's hand and bade him farewell for the night, Linden thought there was something more than usually impressive in his manner, and affectionate in his words. Perhaps this was the natural result of their conversation.

The next morning, Clarence was awakened by a noise. He listened, and heard distinctly an alarmed cry proceeding from the room in which Talbot slept, and which was opposite to his own. He rose hastily, and hurried to the chamber. The door was open, the old servant was bending over the bed: Clarence approached, and saw that he supported his master in his arms. "Good God!" he cried, "what is the

matter?" The faithful old man lifted up his face to Clarence, and the big tears rolled fast from eyes, in which the sources of such emotion were well nigh dried up.

"He loved you well, Sir!" he said, and could say no more. He dropped the body gently, and throwing himself on the floor, sobbed aloud. With a foreboding and chilled heart, Clarence bent forward; the face of his benefactor lay directly before him, and the hand of death was upon it. The soul had passed to its account hours since, in the hush of night: passed, apparently, without a struggle or a pang, like the wind, which animates the harp one moment, and the next is gone.

Linden seized his hand—it was heavy and cold, his eye rested upon the miniature of the unfortunate Lady Merton, which, since the night of the attempted robbery, Talbot had worn constantly round his neck. Strange and

powerful was the contrast of the pictured face in which not a colour had yet faded, and where the hues, and fulness, and prime of youth dwelt, unconscious of the lapse of years, with the aged and shrunken countenance of the deceased.

In that contrast was a sad and mighty moral; it wrought, as it were, a contact between youth and age, and conveyed a rapid, but full history of our passions and our life.

The servant looked up once more on the countenance; he pointed toward it, and muttered — "See — see! how awfully it is changed!"

"But there is a smile upon it!" said Clarence, as he flung himself beside the body, and burst into tears.

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